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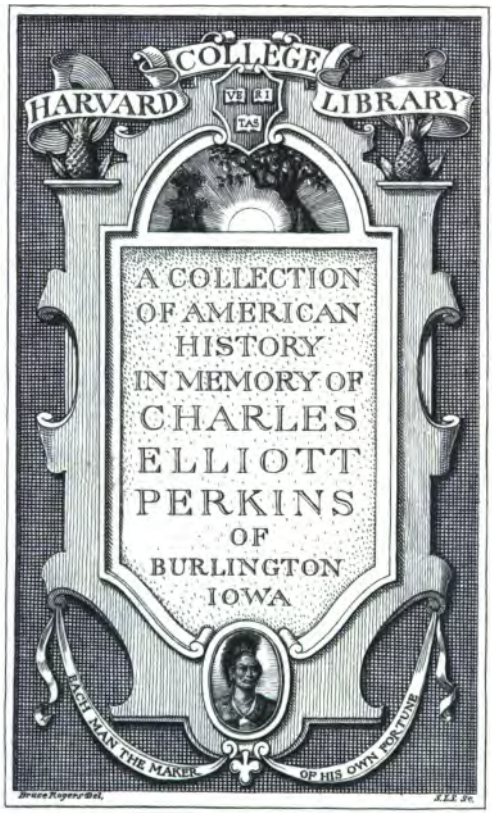
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PHILIP HENSON,

THE SOUTHERN UNION SPY.

THE HITHERTO UNWRITTEN RECORD OF A HERO OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY GEORGE S. JOHNS.

"A brave, fearless and exceedingly valuable scout."—EDWARD HATCH,
Brev. Maj.-General.

"He performed services that no other man would."—G. M. DODGE,
Major-General.

"He performed deeds which no other man could have done successfully."—SAMUEL GILBERT
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EXPLANATORY.

THIS sketch of Philip Henson, the Southern Union Spy, which is offered to the public was per force hastily compiled and hastily written in order that the subject of it and the pages of the late war which it reveals for the first time might be brought before the veterans of the conflict to whom they are of the deepest interest. The materials were gathered and the work completed in the leisure time of four days so that it will be recognized readily that full investigation and careful arrangement were impossible. The salient points only are presented leaving to a future time the further development of materials of which this is merely a tithe. This explanation of the haste which is apparent in its pages and the blunders which may have crept in is due the readers from the writer.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
September 21, 1887.

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THE SOUTHERN UNION SPY.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNSUNG HEROES.

THE unsung heroes and the unwritten pages of the war of the rebellion — what an array of gallant men and brave deeds rise up at the words!

Its great generals, the courageous and skillful leaders, the stupendous events of that conflict which shook the Nation to its center and steeped this fair land in the blood of thousands of true men have had their historians, but who shall write of those other heroes, the men who did not lead armies nor plan battles, but who saved armies and won battles nevertheless?

The soldier is sustained in battle by the excitement of the moment, by ambition and thirst for glory, by the expected plaudits of his fellow-soldiers and his commander, and he is girt about by the association and bracing examples of others. He rushes into the fray side by side with his comrades in a conflict for honors, with the eyes of his leader and of his brothers fixed on him. There is every stimulus to deeds of prowess and to the exhibition of personal bravery. When

this bravery is shown it is none the less to his credit that it has been strengthened by such circumstances.

But what of him who has no such spurs? Who, calmly, quietly, fearlessly takes his life in his hand; who, not only faces his enemies, but goes into their midst with the full knowledge that the slightest blunder, the smallest misstep, the deviation from the right line by one jot means certain death; who confronts death not with the blood hurtling through his veins, and with the war cry ringing in his ears, but in cold blood, knowing well his danger; who risks his life, not in open, honorable combat, but in secret by the hand of the assassin, on the impulse of an individual or by the mere freak of a hostile leader, and this death, too, the ignominious punishment of a common felon?

These are the men who sleep in unknown and unmarked graves, or living are remembered, perhaps, only by the few who recognized their value and knew their magnificent service to the country; who trusted their fame, their fortunes, their reputations and the lives of thousands of soldiers in their hands, assured that their loyalty would never betray a secret nor prove false to the cause for which they labored. The bodies of many of them swung in the breeze or lay riddled with bullets in lonely spots, ghastly warnings of the fate reserved for him who proved too zealous, or, for a moment, relaxed that vigilance which was the price of life. The bones of many have bleached in the sun and rain and have crumbled into dust, as the

years rolled on that sunk them and their cruel fate deeper into the oblivion of the past.

They were the men of mystery, whose very mission precluded all recognition by their associates. Their work was done alone, without aid or companionship, without confederates or friends; who forsook wives, children, brothers, and all the ties that hold dear, to do their duty. They were the men of boots, spurs and saddle, who never slept without a haunting vision of death hovering over them; who ate and rested and walked and rode with danger as a constant companion; men who needed nerves of iron, muscles of steel, and the cunning of serpents; who carried secrets that to keep was death and to reveal was the destruction perhaps of thousands; who carried secrets that were constant menaces against their safety and very existence.

What tales could be told of hair-breadth escapes, of thrilling experiences, of deeds of daring and feats almost superhuman in their accomplishment of the apparently impossible, by lips that were long since sealed! what horrible descriptions of suffering, abuse, contumely and torture that were the rewards of fidelity could be gleaned from prison walls, manacles and chains, had they tongues?

These were the men whose services were of inestimable worth to the Union, who contributed more individually to its salvation than any other class of men, and at far greater risk.

And yet, what is known of them?

Now and then some old man dies, and the newspapers contain a sketch of a career which teems with brilliant deeds, and which partakes, in its adventurous experiences and wonderful feats, more of the character of fiction than of reality. Now and then a living man is found who has a career that puts him in the list of heroes, but who, perhaps, is not conscious of having done more than any other man would do, or whose modesty restrains from trumpeting his deeds to the world.

It is in the lives of such men that the unwritten pages of the great war of the rebellion are found, and these pages, if revealed, would throw more light on its important events, on the subject of how battles were lost and won, and how brilliant achievements were made possible, than has already been written. These are the pages that tell of the plans of battles, of the preliminary work that decided eventualities, that reveal the machinery, the inner workings of the stupendous movements that decided the conflict. And they are the pages that are the most fascinating because they treat of methods, of means, of personal character and prowess. Until they are written the history of the great struggle will be incomplete.

It is not necessary to name the class of men who are referred to. The soldiers know them by the results gained through their aid and by their experiences told in camp; the commanders know them by personal acquaintance, by loyalty often tried and never found wanting; by their skill, shrewdness, courage; by their

work without which their best laid plans were defeated, and with which their brilliant successes were gained. They speak of them with honor and admiration.

They are the scouts, the spies, if you will, too often referred to as such, with ignominy, and ignominy borne for their country's sake. They were the bulwarks, the defense of the Union, without whom victory would frequently be impossible.

CHAPTER II.

A SOUTHERN UNION SPY.

IT IS such a hero who is the subject of this sketch, and who is one of the few living representatives of the class.

His heroism is of that quiet, modest kind that is unconscious of itself; that does great deeds and does not know they are out of the ordinary; that tells of them as if they were the common acts of every day life. His nature is of that honest, strong-fibred, staunch type, full of native shrewdness and unswerving integrity which looks clear-eyed along the path of duty and sees no obstacle big enough to cause a moment's hesitation in the way; that faces danger with the cool intrepidity that is a stranger to fear; that moves straight on where other men stop and tremble, or even flee for their lives; that regards personal fame and honor so little that when a thing is done, no matter how wonderful or daring or admirable it may be, it is done with, and that is an end of it, leaving to others the sounding of its praises.

This is a description of the character of Philip Henson, the Southern Union Spy, that every man who ever knew him well, every soldier who was acquainted with his record, and every commander who

used and trusted him and profited by his shrewdness and bravery, will endorse without a qualification.

His claim to the title of hero is based on a record that has perhaps never been equalled in the annals of war; by achievements which in fiction would be put down as the wildest and most fanciful imagination, and in reality surpass belief. His career is indeed remarkable and, if it were not proved beyond a doubt by the most indubitable evidence, would be considered absurdly incredible. He has passed through dangers and thrilling experiences unscathed and unshaken, which would have daunted the courage and whitened the hair of even extraordinary men. That he is alive to-day is little short of the miraculous.

He is undoubtedly, and this assertion is made with all candor and will be borne out by everyone who came in contact with him and had means of knowing what he did, one of the heroic and even picturesquely romantic figures of the late war. That he is not more prominent in its annals and now in the fame which is his due is owing to his own modesty and unconsciousness of extraordinary achievement, and to the fact that his life since the war has been spent among southern people where, to have spoken of loyalty to the Union, or of deeds done in her service before the wounds were healed, would have been banishment, at least, and in all probability a worse fate.

Philip Henson occupies an unique position. He was a Southern man, born in the South, reared in the South, married in the South, with all his ties, sympa-

thies and interests in the South, and yet he was a loyal Union man, and contributed services for the cause of the Union, such as few men have given. He had a brother in the rebel army. It seems almost providential that such should have been the case, because the very circumstances which militated most against his loyalty were the circumstances which made him of the greatest value to the Union cause, and which enabled him to occupy the singular position which he did occupy. Without the inestimable service which he gave to the federal commanders the result in the territory in which his work was done would have been different.

"Colonel" Henson, the title which was bestowed upon him by soldiers and citizens, although he had no commission, or as he was known to the officers under whom he served, Phil, the Scout, is a striking figure now in his advanced age.

In addition to the peculiarity of his mission and of the field he covered nature has marked him out by distinguishing features. His native qualities have already been indicated. They are, wonderful shrewdness and cool, calm fearlessness, which no danger can shake; quiet, but determined movements, a habit of saying little and keeping his counsel, inexhaustible resources and quickness to decide; yet even these characteristics are veiled by apparent slowness and stolidity which throw one off guard and have been the means of saving him in many close shaves where an outwardly smarter and more brilliant man would have given rise

to suspicion, and would have lost his life. He has the very qualities which fitted him for the work he had to perform.

It is his personal appearance, however, which is even more striking. He is tall, straight, active and muscular, measuring six feet two inches in height, and without a pound of superfluous flesh on his frame.

His most distinguishing feature is yet to be mentioned, and there are few persons perhaps who would be convinced of the fact without ocular proof, but it is the truth that Col. Henson has the longest beard in the world, measuring six feet four inches in length. This is a marvelous beard, and when Col. Henson stands erect and allows his beard to hang untrammeled it sweeps the floor, fully six inches of it resting on the carpet. This alone makes him a marked figure anywhere, and what is even more remarkable, it is the result of only ten years' growth. It is possible that Col. Henson may some time reveal the secret of hirsute cultivation, which has reached such a wonderful result in so short a period, but at present it is a secret known only to himself.

But to return to the career of the scout. The records of the War Department, the reports of officers, and the reminiscences of Col. Henson himself, drawn out only in casual conversation and by the most adroit questioning, reveal an experience during the war that is without a parallel. His period of service covered nearly two years, from July 28, 1862, to May 20, 1864, when his arrest by rebel soldiers put an end to his

service as a scout and transferred him from the dangers, vicissitudes and active work of the field to the constant menace of death, the tortures, horrible sufferings, contemptuous hatred and vile abuse of a Confederate prison, where he spent nine months filled with unutterable cruelty, where every moment threatened to be his last.

No romance of Dumas or of Victor Hugo is fuller of exciting incidents or of thrilling adventures than the years which saw Col. Henson's entrance into service and his escape from prison. It was a succession of heroic achievements, of shrewd and successful schemes to obtain information from the enemy, of arrests under suspicion, of wonderful escapes from the fate of spies, of daring deeds, of danger from assassination bravely faced and yet cunningly avoided, of dual roles played with consummate skill, of escapes from the hands of enraged Confederate mobs and soldiers, of contumely and abuse which are incredible, of confinement in "sweat-boxes," of manacles forged to his ankles and wrists and chained to anchors and monstrous iron balls. The Spanish inquisition could scarcely exceed the treatment to which the captured scout was subjected, and yet his part had been played so well that the smallest evidence which would have been sufficient to have condemned him to death was not found.

During his service and confinement, Col. Henson spent a fortune, paying his way into and out of the Confederate lines, and paying for his safety while im-

prisoned. The sum he expended in these ways is estimated at not less than $60,000, and yet while he came out of the war impoverished, and is struggling for a living in his old age, and still bears on his ankles the marks of the manacles, and suffers pain on account of it, the ingratitude of republics is shown by the fact that he has never received a dollar of compensation for his losses, his services or his sufferings.

The grand old Commander, Gen. Grant, who has passed to the silent majority, unknowingly complimented the scout once by writing to Gen. Dodge, and referring to the remarkable accuracy of his information with regard to the enemy, asked the name of the man who got it for him.

Gen. Samuel E. Gilbert wrote of Col. Henson, that he "performed deeds that no other man could have performed successfully," and other things equally expressive of high admiration.

Another prominent and gallant commander denominated him the "bravest of the brave", and Gen. Dodge, Gen. Edward Hatch, and others who knew the magnificent qualities of the man, have hastened to commend and honor him for his services.

This is only the brief prelude, the incomplete outline of a life which is full of the fascinating charm of daring adventure.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAINING OF A SCOUT.

PHILIP HENSON was born to poverty and was bred in toil and hardship. His was not the cradle of luxury, but he was early put to the school of adversity and was trained to a habit of courage and self-reliance from his youth.

His childhood and youth were spent among pioneers and Indians, and his young manhood was tested in the then wilds of the far West and Southwest among hostile savages.

His birthplace was Gunter's Landing, Jackson Co., Ala., at the time of this interesting event, which occurred Dec. 28, 1827, in Indian Territory, and inhabited by the Creeks and Cherokees. The blood of three sturdy peoples run in his veins. On his father's side Scotch and Holland Dutch, and on his mother's side Irish, the boy had inexhaustible resources from which to draw the qualities which afterwards distinguished him. His father was a man of ability and of great influence over the Indians, and was respected and admired. He was selected as one of the commissioners to remove the tribes to the present Indian Territory in 1836, and he accomplished the work with such eminent success and with so much satisfaction to the red men that they never forgot him and proved their friendship afterwards to his son.

All the education young Henson received was obtained at the Indian Mission School taught by William Potter, but he got strong muscles and an active habit by association in work and play with the Indian boys. He got the very training which was to be of greatest use to him.

When he was 12 years of age his father died, leaving his mother a widow with seven children. Philip was the fourth child, three being older and three younger than he, but even at this early age he was compelled to earn his own living.

His first employment, singularly enough, was in the line of his after mission and was of the hard and dangerous kind. This boy of a dozen years accepted a place which no one else could be found to accept, because the risk involved was so great, and he never failed to carry out his contract. It was to carry the mails from Huntsville, Ala., to Ealyton, which is now the magic city of Birmingham. Every trip back and forth meant a week of hard riding in a country which was then a wilderness, inhabited chiefly by Indians and wild beasts. Only a few settlers were scattered over it, and the boy scarcely ever saw the face of a white man from the beginning to the end of the journey. The boy never started without a probability staring him in the face that he would never return, that some revengeful or thieving Indian would end his young life with knife or bullet, or that an encounter with a bear, with the wolves or with a panther, all of which infested the country, might bring him to a horrible

death. Yet he never flinched, but calmly and cheerfully went on his way as any other boy would start out on his daily trip to school.

For two years he continued in the employment of the mail contractor, Daniel Seavers, and then returned home to help his widowed mother on the farm. Several years were spent in this, and the boy grew to be a tall, active, independent youth. Again he started out for himself and engaged to William Edwards and Wilson Cornelius, two stock traders, to take a herd of beef cattle to Augusta, Ga. The work was done, but the herders lost all they had, and left their herdsman in Augusta without a cent of compensation and with no money with which to get home. This was nothing to an active young man like Philip Henson. He worked his way on the railroad to Kingston, Ga., but that was as far as he could go in this way, and he was still 100 miles from home. It was imperative that he do something, and Capt. Black, the depot agent, gave him work cutting pine knots for the railroad at 25 cents a day.

He reached home, but no humdrum life of the farm could satisfy his adventurous spirit, and after one year we find him restlessly looking toward the boundless West. The widow's land was poor and scarcely produced a living. All the wordly possessions of young Henson were a colt and an Indian pony. He sold the first and mounted the second for his westward journey with just $9 as the result of the transaction in his

pocket. He reached Marshall County, Miss., with seventy-five cents in his pocket.

There was a tavern at the place kept by one Sherrerd Low. The young man wanted a night's lodging and food, and told the landlord that he had but seventy-five cents.

"Get off your pony," said the man, "and come in."

In the morning the good-hearted landlord gave him back thirty-five cents, remarking that he would need it before he got through. He told Mr. Low that he wanted work, but he had none for him and leaving his pony at the tavern, to be called for, he started out afoot to seek it. He knew not a soul in that country, but he had a brave heart, and a Mr. Cado Miller, who recognized the character of the young man, took him in and treated him as a father would. Although having no actual need for his services, he made him overseer of his plantation. A year was spent with Mr. Miller and another year in the same capacity with a Mr. William Smith and young Henson wanted to visit his family. The net result of his two years of labor amounted to a fine horse, saddle and bridle, and $160 in cash. He journeyed to North Alabama, where his mother lived, and gave her and his younger brothers and sisters all the money he had earned except just enough to take him to South Alabama, for which he soon started.

His firmness and kindly, yet determined character, made him a fine manager of negro labor even at this

early age and he readily found employment in Perry county, with a Mr. Thomas Turnbow, as overseer. He made a success of the business and made some money. But the employment did not suit and again the longing for activity and adventure in the world took possession of him. The West was then being opened up and the richness of its soil and opportunities to make money were the themes of conversation everywhere.

In 1856, when 29 years of age, he started for Kansas. The State was then making history and was in the midst of her struggle for independence of Southern domination and freedom of her soil from the taint of slavery. It was then the theater of exciting events which were eventually to kindle the war. The border ruffians were overrunning it and the settlers were fighting for the right of honest government and the choice of their own leaders. It was a good school to prepare for the great struggle impending. Young Henson met Gen. James Lane, and the famous Abolitionist, John Brown, who was then dreaming of and preparing for his plans to free the slaves.

After a short stay in Kansas the traveler went South to the Indian nation, the Indians then being in far more savage condition than at present. Some were civilized partly, and some were not, but Henson mixed with all kinds and was thrown with fifteen or twenty different tribes. He met many Indians who knew his father as the commissioner who had moved them twenty years before. They treated him with the

utmost kindness, and would not only refuse any pay for services, but strove to do everything in their power to help him.

A year in Kansas and the Indian Territory created a desire to go still further South and West so that with a few associates, the young man made a trip into Texas. Traveling in those days in the far West meant the enduring of terrible hardships and the maintaining of constant vigilance, with frequent encounters with savage Comanches and other uncivilized tribes of Indians. Several of the party were wounded, but not one was lost when the settlement was again reached.

In the latter part of 1857 a company of intrepid young men organized to go to New Mexico, then known to many as the Mesilla Valley. Young Henson was one of them, and his reputation among his associates may be judged by the fact that he was made leader of the expedition and captain of the company. An expedition of this kind meant fighting. These were exciting times when sleep meant death, and the relaxation of a moment might bring down a horde of bloodthirsty savages. Captain Henson and his men fought their way through. Time and again they were surrounded, and the prospects looked dark for the little band, but its leader was a man of nerve and cool courage and the hearts of the men were brave. Many a redskin spotted the plain through their trusty rifles. To flinch meant death and the band pushed forward with desperate resolve until El Paso was reached and it was found that the

attacks of the savages had so crippled it that further progress was impossible. Five men were so severely wounded as to be unable to proceed, so the party disbanded, each man taking care of himself.

In the last month of the year, Capt. Henson turned his face homeward and repassing the dangers and hardships which had before beset him made the stupendous journey through the wilderness and back into Alabama.

Three months were consumed in the arduous journey, and it was in February, 1858, that he found himself in Selma. Once more he worked for his old friend and employer, Turnbow, and again started for the West. This time he did not get beyond Mississippi, and landed in a little town called Rienzi, about fifteen miles south of Corinth, on August 28 of the same year.

Little did he reckon then that this was the center of those stirring events in which he was called to take so prominent a part a few years later. There was no thought of war then and the young traveler who had been through so many exciting experiences settled down, as he thought, for life. It was the tame occupation of selling dry goods that the young hero fell into, and over the counter of the store of Lowery & Gibson for three years he bought and sold. The three years saw him advance from a clerk to be manager of the store. These three years too were not without excitement of a stormy kind. Of that excitement there is much of interest regarding our young clerk to be said.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTERING ON HIS WORK.

WHO that lived in either the North or South does not remember vividly the years 1859, 1860 and 1861?

The South particularly was agitated from center to circumference; men, women and even children were fired with a common impulse. Secession was the all absorbing topic and dreams of independence of Northern sentiment and attempted domination was in every one's head. Away with the Union and up with the Southern Confederacy was the cry. To be a Southern man was to be a secessionist, of course, but here and there were loyal men and women who stood staunchly for the Union cause.

What of our dry goods clerk? Was he fired with the ambition to bear a gun in defense of slavery and against the Government that had been founded by the blood of the fathers of liberty?

Strangely enough, No. There is a singular fact to be recorded here which is opposed to all rules concerning the formation of character and opinions. Our Henson's father was a Jackson Democrat, but his son did not follow in his footsteps. He grew up to be an old time Henry Clay Whig and drew his political *pabulum* from the Knoxville Whig until political animosity refused to allow it to be circulated.

He believed in the National compact and in the preservation of the Union of the States. This was rank heresy, but he clung to it firmly and persistently as an independent, fearless man.

And now came the climax when the question of fighting against his principles pressed on him. He was married in February, 1861, to Celestine Hutchinson. The Confederate government at that time was forcing all able-bodied men into service and would take few excuses from any who could handle guns.

Then the clerk and his new wife had a talk over the whole matter. She was in thorough sympathy with him and they concluded he had better find some better business than clerking. His judgment was accurate and he saw that he must find something which would save him for a time from conscription. The only chance was to get an overseer's position, and having experience in that line he was not long in obtaining a place. He found exactly the right man in Mr. Moore McCauley, an influential planter, of broad and liberal views, who had won the respect and admiration of his neighbors. The Confederate Congress soon after passed a law giving every planter possessing a certain number of negroes the privilege of keeping an overseer. This was Henson's salvation, and he was thus saved from being forced into wearing a grey uniform.

The reality of war was not long in making its appearance around Corinth. The rebels evacuated the town and the Federal forces pushed their way

toward it. Gen. Grant came up from Fort Donelson. McCauley was a secessionist, and the coming of the Yankees alarmed him so that he fled to Bolivar, Tenn. Before going he acted squarely to his overseer. He told him he was going and advised him to get out, as he said the Yankees would have no use for overseers, and it might go hard with him if he stayed.

Henson did not get out, but remained where he was. He was not the running kind and then he felt that his friends were with the other side. McCauley left everything in his care with instructions to do the best he could with his property.

Overseer Henson soon made the acquaintance of Gen. Grant. The troops found him at home about five miles from Corinth and sent him through the lines to headquarters. The Old Commander, then just entering on his career of victory, received him kindly, but questioned him closely.

"Why are you not in the rebel army?" asked the General, surprised to find an able-bodied man without the grey uniform.

"Because," was the blunt reply, "I am an overseer and am exempted and am not a rebel."

"Who do you work for?"

"Mr. McCauley?"

"Where is he?"

"At Bolivar, Tenn."

"What did he go there for?"

"Because he was afraid he might be troubled by the Union soldiers."

The General wrote an order and handing it to Henson said, "This will see you out of the lines and will protect you from injury. Send word to McCauley that if he is not at home within a week I will burn everything he has. Don't forget to send him word."

This was the first meeting with Gen. Grant and he never forgot it. Mr. McCauley was at home within the specified time and his overseer went to Gen. Grant again. The General gave the planter permission to remain at home without molestation.

Gen. Grant did not stay long at Corinth, but with the main body of the army moved out, leaving Gen. Rosecrans in command. Before Gen. Grant left, however, he issued an order that every one should take the oath of allegiance. It meant protection and many Southern sympathizers took it for this reason. Henson took it because he believed in it.

In July, 1862, the scout did his first work for the army. He was thoroughly familiar with the country around Corinth, and Maj. W. W. Truesdale, Chief of Scouts under Gen. Rosecrans, and Dr. Russell engaged him to buy up all the cotton around Corinth. He made a brilliant success of his labor, and Maj. Truesdale, discovering how capable and shrewd he was, employed him as a scout to get all the information he could about the Confederate forces and plans.

This was the beginning of a service which grew in importance and value as the war progressed, and as Col. Henson gained experience in his new role. In a small way at first, and very cautiously to avoid all

suspicion, he began his labors which were to be attended with so much danger and hardship, and which were pregnant with good results for the Federal arms.

One principle Col. Henson laid down in the beginning, and that was to be loyal and faithful to his commanders. Another equally important to his own safety and usefulness he always observed, and that was to tell the truth. In this respect he treated rebels and Union men alike, and was never known to be caught in a lie or in even the slightest exaggeration or falsehood. He had it thoroughly understood with the Federal officers, that while he would betray no secrets, and would tell as little as possible to gain his ends, he would never attempt to deceive or to lie about their forces. In this way he gained and kept the confidence of his Union leaders and of his rebel friends. It was the secret of his prolonged success.

His first work was to discover the plans of Gen. Sterling Price, and passing through the lines to the headquarters at Tupelo, he stayed with the army until it marched out on the old military road north, toward Corinth, when he left it to report the strength and plans of the enemy to Gen. Rosecrans. This was in September, 1862, just before the Iuka battle.

Col. Henson had not yet met Gen. Rosecrans and was under orders from Capt. Miles, Gen. Rosecrans' adjutant-general, to whom he reported at the camp five miles south of Corinth. Capt. Miles pointed out Gen. Rosecrans just as the latter was getting into his ambulance, accompanied by his father confessor, and

Col. Henson saw him then for the first time. He went into Corinth with the army.

Then followed the bloody and desperate battle of Iuka Springs. Capt. Miles wanted Col. Henson to accompany him in his advance on Price's army, but he told him that capture, while with the Federal forces, would be the destruction of his usefulness, if not the end of his life.

In speaking of this event, Col. Henson always refers in terms of the highest praise of Gen. Rosecrans' humanity in his treatment of the wounded Confederates. He said he gave them every attention and allowed them the most kindly treatment at the Springs.

After Iuka came Corinth, on which Gen. Price moved with a determination to wipe out the Federal army. The battle of the 4th and 5th of October was one of the great battles of the war and was desperately fought, but Gen. Rosecrans was master of the situation.

Col. Rogers, who fell leading his regiment of gallant Texans in the charge on Fort Robinet, was buried on the spot where his life blood ebbed away, and to this day his grave is shown to every visitor who goes to Corinth, and his memory is honored. The hero of the battle was Gen. Samuel Gholson, who was wounded in front of the Corinth Hotel.

This brings the history up to the 19th of October when Gen. Rosecrans was relieved of the command of the army at Corinth and was ordered to take Gen. Buell's command in Kentucky. It marks an important period in the life of Col. Henson.

CHAPTER V.

THE OATH OF A SPY.

UP to this time Col. Henson had acted as a scout only in a desultory manner without a regular connection with the army, but this ill-defined position was to be changed into another vastly more important one.

Before Gen. Rosecrans left for Kentucky he wanted to learn where Gen. Bragg intended to concentrate his forces. Gen. Bragg was retreating out of Kentucky and was near Murphysboro, Tenn. It was a long trip and there was not a man who knew the country well enough to make the trip or who was willing to undertake the danger of it, as the intermediate country was full of bushwhackers and straggling bands of rebel cavalry.

Maj. Truesdale bethought himself of his new scout, and asked him to undertake the trip. He said he had no man who could or would do it besides Col. Henson, who finally consented to go.

Col. Henson had been brought up in North Alabama, and he believed he could make the journey. It was full of danger, but he was confident of his own ability and resources and went cheerfully into the undertaking.

There was one thing more to do, and that was to take the oath of a spy, which was necessary, as his

mission was of so important a nature and he could prove of so much damage to the Federal army if he chose to do so. Gen. Rosecrans himself administered the oath, which is the most binding that can be imposed upon a man. The oath was given on the 18th of October, the day before Gen. Rosecrans left for Perryville.

Nothing could have been more solemn and impressive than Gen. Rosecrans' administration of the oath. He not only gave the oath, which was sworn to, but he also explained to Col. Henson the nature of the vow he was assuming and the danger he would bring upon himself. He cautioned him against ever saying a word that would betray his army or of ever proving in any way disloyal. He told him that his path would be hedged with dangers, because the rebels would hang him if they caught him, and the Union soldiers would hang him as a traitor if he should prove unfaithful.

The next day Gen. Rosecrans started for Kentucky and Col. Henson put out for Bragg's army. He had not been gone three days when he was surprised by some outposts of Gen. P. D. Roddy's cavalry near the place now known as Sheffield, Ala. This was rather quick work, and proved that Gen. Rosecrans' warning was pretty straight. The spy was arrested and was carried to headquarters at Cherokee.

Gen. Roddy had been worsted in a scrap with Col. Smith of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, and was in a towering humor. He ordered the prisoner put under guard and watched during the night. The prospect looked dark,

and if it had not been that he was a southern man and was acquainted with several officers and men who never suspected for a moment that he had anything to do with the Northern army, he would have fared badly. Col. Ligon, Charles Newson, Capt. J. C. Potts, Lieut. John Duncan, Adjutant Gen. Milton Davis and others, vouched for Henson's loyalty to the Confederate cause and he was released.

How to get into Bragg's lines was another thing, and Col. Henson quickly formed his plan. He went to Guntersville, Ala., his old home, and filling his saddlebags with rebel clothes started ostensibly to visit his brother and relations in Gen. Bragg's army. His title now was clear to get inside the lines.

As it turned out he did not have to go far into the lines. At Murphysboro, Tenn., he met some of the advence guards of the army. They told him they were there making arrangements for the concentration of the army at that point. This was all Col. Henson wanted and without any attempt to see his brother or his relatives, he prepared to return home. So completely were the Southern people deceived in Col. Henson's character that on his way back he met many men going to see their sons in the army and gave them all the information they asked for about them.

He was not destined to get through without stoppage, however, for once more he came in contact with Roddy and his cavalry. The General was still in bad humor and held the spy a day and a night. He subjected him to close cross-questioning. It was a criti-

cal moment but his invention saved him. Gen. Roddy wanted to know why he was not in the Confederate army.

Col. Henson replied that he was inside the Yankee lines and that he wanted to get his family out because the Yankees were the meanest and the worst people on the face of the earth. He had gone, therefore, to North Alabama to see his mother and to make arrangements to take his family there if he should be able to find them again, as he did not believe the Yankees would allow them to stay at home.

This song and dance pulled the wool over Gen. Roddy's eyes and by the assistance of his friends again he was allowed to depart. Not without conditions, however. He had to promise not to go through his outside picket lines and to join the Confederate army as soon as he could make arrangements to do so. Both promises were readily given, Col. Henson stating that he was then anticipating joining Gen. Roddy's command. The first promise the General saw that he kept by sending a guard with him to take him around the picket lines.

The spy, having released himself from this dangerous predicament, which, in the light of later adventures, was mere child's play, was thus left about midday of the 6th of November forty miles from Corinth.

You may be sure he spurred his horse onward and made good time. No incident occurred until just after sunset, when he was brought up at the point of several pistols with a peremptory "halt!" His captors were

Union pickets, belonging to Col. Smith's cavalry. A demand to be taken to headquarters brought the spy into the Colonel's presence. It required only a few minutes to tell Col. Smith where Roddy was encamped and how strong his force was, when, on request to be sent to headquarters at Corinth, he was freshly mounted and was galloping over the twelve miles with a strong escort of cavalrymen.

At 11 o'clock the hoofs of the horses rattled on the streets of the city and the returned spy was introduced to Gen. G. M. Dodge, who had been placed in command of the army. This was his first meeting with the man for whom he was to do some of his best work, and whose high esteem he afterwards won.

Gen. Dodge was soon placed in possession of the facts of the spot where Gen. Bragg's forces were concentrating, of his strength and of the feeling of the people and soldiers with regard to the war.

This was Col. Henson's first exploit as a spy, and it was brilliantly achieved. He had been arrested twice by the enemy and had penetrated Gen. Bragg's lines. What is more, he had got out of them again with a whole skin and the information he wanted. He was now under Gen. Dodge and ready for greater feats.

CHAPTER VI.

A SHREWD SCHEME.

THE events of the following year opened a broader field of operations. The two armies were maneuvering for the advantage and were constantly menacing each other.

The Federal forces were at Corinth and the Confederate forces were at Okolona and Columbus, Mississippi.

The position of Phil, the scout, was a delicate and dangerous one with two armies concentrating in Mississippi. He stood in excellent chances of making the acquaintance of a rope or a bullet, and was almost sure to be discovered if he attempted to follow the usual methods of a spy. They would not work to the least advantage there, and if he should be unveiled even if he were not killed he would be of no further use to the Union army. So he set his wits to work and they did good service. He hit upon a masterly plan, which he unfolded to Gen. Dodge.

The plan was this: Henson was to act as a scout and spy for Gen. Dodge, and was to be allowed to take anything he chose in the way of supplies to the Confederate army. He would also arrange to be a scout for the rebels, but of course, this was to be a blind only and he was never to betray his secrets to them.

Gen. Dodge agreed to it, and Col. Henson proposed the arrangement to Gens. Ruggles, Gholson and Ferguson, of the Confederate forces, not saying anything, of course, about his arrangement with Gen. Dodge. He agreed to give them faithful reports. The arrangement was agreed to on their side, two undoubted Southern men, Jefferson Young and Jesse Johnson, of Rienzi, vouching for Col. Henson's reliability.

The double spy occupied a position which seems almost an impossibility, yet he secured the confidence of both sides and retained it. Gen. Ruggles, Gen. Gholson and Gen. Polk, of the Confederacy, spoke of Col. Henson as one of the few men who could and would do the work of a reliable scout. The first-mentioned was an old West Pointer, with many years' experience, and he remarked to Maj. Beck and Capt. Sanders, of his staff, that he believed Henson was the right man in the right place; that he was not easily deceived, and that he thought he had not met a man with more nerve and courage than he had. Gen. Dodge and his adjutant, Capt. G. E. Spencer, had a private and serious conversation with Col. Henson on the risk and importance of his position, and they thoroughly understood each other.

Then the spy prepared for his mission, and was in a position which, while it involved terrible risks, enabled him to be of the greatest value.

It was not long before Col. Henson was in the saddle again. This time to discover how much truth there was in a rumor that the Confederates were mass-

ing in large force at Okolona, and were preparing to advance on Corinth, brought in by a scout. Gen. Dodge sent him out to investigate, and he started for Okolona in February, 1863. He was dashing along, keeping a sharp lookout for surprises, when he was suddenly confronted with the muzzles of half a dozen rifles, held by as many determined looking greys. There was no help for it but to stop, and stop he did. The men belonged to Col. Bartoe's Sixth Tennessee Cavalry, and the Colonel had no use for a man who was not in the army. He kept the spy under guard for awhile, and finally sent him to headquarters, when Gen. Ruggles at once released him. This was the first test of the new plan, and it worked like a charm. Of course, Col. Henson made his report, telling of the condition of the Union forces at Corinth, the spirits of the men, and their number, according to common talk.

The next mission Gen. Dodge had for his spy was a difficult one. It was to go to Columbus, Miss., enter the lines and discover what truth there was in the report that the enemy were fortifying the place; and, also, to learn all he could about the situation. The line of breastworks was extensive and complete, and it appeared to be an impossibility to get inside with one's life.

But Col. Henson determined to do it.

There was no such word as fail with him, but it looked discouraging. On his way to the city he met one of Gen. Dodge's scouts who had been sent on the same mission. His name was Higginbotham, and he

was utterly discouraged and demoralized. He had tried to enter the lines and had failed. He had been chased by the rebels and had spent the entire day in a swamp. He told Henson that there was no use in trying to get in, and if he succeeded, he would never get out alive. He said if he ever got back inside the Yankee lines alive he would never go out of them again. The two men spent the night in the swamp and parted in the morning, one returning to Corinth, and the other starting for Columbus. The returned scout told Gen. Dodge that if Henson ever reached Columbus, he would never return. Gen. Dodge waited. There were 24 miles of fortification around the place, but he had faith in his man. He remarked to his scout that he believed Henson would get in and get out.

Gen. Dodge was right. Henson pushed on until he met some pickets. He fraternized with them; told them that the Yankees treated the citizens of Corinth abominably, and insulted the women. In a short time he was *en rapport* with the pickets, and picked up a budget of information as to the number of troops, none but Gen. Ruggles' brigade being inside, and as to the number of miles of fortifications. The soldiers said that the rich planters around there had loaned their negroes to the army to build the breastworks. The spy was conveyed to headquarters before Gen. Ruggles. The General asked about the truth of reports that the Union army intended to make a raid South and Henson told him they were not true, to the best of his knowledge.

One of Gen. Dodge's female spies, a Miss Mary Mainard, had been captured by Gen. Ruggles, and Henson was allowed to visit her with an officer, in person, as he knew her people, and received messages from her to her home folks. The poor girl was held until the close of the war.

Now that the spy was in the lines and had his information the problem was how to get out. It was soon solved. Frank McCauley, a brother of Moore McCauley, was in Columbus, and was anxious to return the favor done by Henson to his brother. A number of Mrs. Henson's relatives also lived in Columbus, and together they secured a pass for him to go South. Southward he went until he reached the Alabama line, and then writing out a pass for himself to go North he started toward Corinth.

He was not to go long unchallenged. A squad of soldiers belonging to Col. Warren's regiment intercepted him and took him in charge. The soldiers were more bandits than regulars, and were out for plunder. They were ready to cut a throat or shoot a man down for the money he had about him, but the pass that Henson had written was satisfactory to them and they let him go.

This was not the only close shave he had before he reached Corinth. About twenty miles from the city lived John W. Thompson, a staunch Union man, whose house was one of the spy's regular stopping places on his trips. Mr. Thompson had two daughters, Mary and Jennie, who were as brave and active as they were

pretty, and had several times befriended Henson. He stopped at the house, this time intending to stay all night, but the girls told him that Col. Mosely's band of bushwhackers was in the neighborhood and it would be dangerous for him to stop at the house. They took his horse and put it in a secret place and giving him a blanket told him to sleep in the pine thicket about half a mile from the house and they would warn him if there should be any danger. In the morning they took him his breakfast and watching to provide against a surprise started him toward Corinth. Three different times did these intrepid girls save Henson from capture. He reached Gen. Dodge in safety, and thus vindicated the General's faith in his ability to get in and out of Columbus.

CHAPTER VII.

A SCRAP WITH GEN. FORREST.

THOSE who met Gen. N. B. Forrest during the war know what kind of fighter he was. He meant business all the time, and he was looked upon as chained lightning and a man who would stand no foolishness.

Col. Henson ran against Forrest several times and succeeded in gaining his ends in spite of the old fire-eater's shrewdness.

The first time he met him was in the spring of 1863, and then he detained him six hours, while a body of Union soldiers were slipping out of his grasp.

It was when Col. Straits made his famous raid, which was one of Gen. Dodge's strategic movements. Forrest captured his 1,700 men with a force of only 500 by one of his bluff games, but he had trouble in catching him. This raid was organized in Corinth and the entire army accompanied Col. Straits as far as Tuscumbia, where he left them.

He had scarcely started when Gen. Forrest was on his trail with whip and spur. Henson had been employed by Forrest to scout for him, and went to Corinth ostensibly for that purpose. He went with the Union army to Tuscumbia and then started for Tupelo, Miss., to report to Gen. Forrest. He knew

every hour was valuable to Col. Straits, and he traveled slowly lengthening out the journey fully six hours, and thus detaining Gen. Forrest who was waiting for reports during this time. Col. Straits made good headway over the rough mountains of North Alabama and Georgia, burning bridges and blockading his pursuers, but he was nearly overtaken at Rome, Ga. He had burned the bridge over Black River in St. Clair county, and there it was that Miss Mary Sandford, an heroic young Southern lady, jumped behind Gen. Forrest on his horse and showed him a ford where he crossed below the bridge. Col. Henson knew Miss Sandford and her mother well, and it will be remembered that President Davis presented her with 1,400 acres of land as a reward for her services, and she was looked upon in the South as one of the heroines of the war for this piece of service.

The siege of Vicksburg!

What memories of hard fighting and dangerous adventures were aroused by the bare mention of this event.

The glorious result was a blow to the Southern cause and the Southern heart as unexpected as it was terrible.

Gen. Dodge's brilliant services cannot be praised too highly. He kept Johnson and Breckinridge, who were in the rear of Grant, so busily occupied that they could not harass the rear of the commander's forces and thus check his advance on the city.

But our brave spy, too, had work to do, and of a

kind that would have made any less gallant heart quail and draw back.

One day he was called into Gen. Dodge's quarters. Only the General and Capt. Spencer were in the room, and they had something for Henson to do. Vicksburg was not yet surrounded and it was of the utmost importance that information with regard to the position and numbers of the Confederates, their condition and spirits be ascertained. The question was, who would undertake so difficult and dangerous a mission and who could accomplish it?

Gen. Dodge felt that there was but one man. He was beginning to recognize of what stuff Henson was made, and to depend on him. So he was summoned into his presence. The nature of the commission was explained to him.

"Will you undertake it?" asked the General.

"It is a hard piece of work," said the spy hesitatingly.

"I know it is, but it must be done, and you must do it. There is no other man in the service who can or will do it."

This was enough. Col. Henson accepted his commission and began to lay his plans.

It was a delicate mission and Henson felt that he must go with every circumstance in his favor, and protected by indubitable evidence of his loyalty to the South.

Jesse Johnsey, an old neighbor, was undoubted in his devotion to the cause. He had five sons in the

rebel army. Here was the chance for protection. Henson went to Johnsey and asked him if he wanted to visit his sons in Vicksburg, and offering to furnish him with with a good horse to make the trip. Johnsey was glad to accept the invitation and the bait was successful. As a further inducement he told him he could fill his saddle-bags with whatever the boys might need.

The two men, started but had scarcely gone twenty miles when seven soldiers stepped into the road in front of them and leveled their guns at their heads. There was no gainsaying the force of the invitation to halt. The soldiers belonged to the band of one Thunderburg, a desperate and villainous old guerrilla and resistance would be instant death.

Old Thunderburg examined the pair very closely, but the shrewd scheme of filling the saddle bags with gray clothes for the boys and other things of the similar kind deceived him, and he let them go.

Two nights and a day passed on the journey. The second night a farmer told them that the water in the streams was high, and would give them trouble, and the roads were bad, the fords dangerous. The horses had to swim over several streams that day, but the spy pressed on.

The next night was spent with the father of one of Gen. Henderson's scouts, whom Henson had, treated kindly, and the return of the favor was generous.

On the fourth day the spy reached Cold Water river. It was swollen to enormous proportions, and the cur-

rent was swift as a mill race. To cross it seemed impossible, but Henson forced his horse in and the animal fought his way across with desperate efforts. When he reached the other bank the horse sprang up it, but fell back in the water, and it seemed for a time as if he and his master would be drowned like rats.

But providence had ordered differently, and after a long struggle they reached firm land, more dead than alive. It was March, and the weather was cold and raw. Johnsey was not so bold, and crossed in a canoe, driving his horse before him.

Confederate soldiers were thick in this region, and the pair frequently met them, but "going to Vicksburg to see our boys" were the talismanic words that opened their hearts and lines.

Finally the pickets were reached and the invariable arrest followed, and the two men were brought up before Gen. Pemberton. Fortunately Henson had a friend in camp in the person of Capt. Murphy, of Cotton Gin, who introduced him to Pemberton.

The statement from Henson that he lived near the Yankee lines and was going to see his brother was accepted. Gen. Pemberton was a genial, courteous gentleman, and was serene in the confidence of the impregnability of the situation at Vicksburg.

The spy told all the facts about the Federals that Gen. Dodge had told him to tell, and abused the Yankees roundly for their rough treatment of the Southern citizens, and Gen. Pemberton's confidence was completely won. He told Henson to tell the Yankees that

they were wasting time trying to take Vicksburg, because it could not be taken. He told him also to visit the boys and tell them of the rough treatment of citizens by the Yankees. The spy was given the freedom of the camp, and was actually shown over the fortifications by Capt. Murphy, who kindly explained the nature of the defenses and told him the number of the troops in and about the city.

The officers and men were in high spirits and laughed at the delusion of the Yanks that they could carry the city.

Col. Henson never made a note. He was too shrewd for that, and he had a memory which never failed him in the smallest detail of a report. It was an invaluable faculty in this and all other missions. What was in his head was his own, but notes discovered on his person would have been certain condemnation.

One night was spent with Capt. Murphy, and the spy's brother not being in the city, he was given a pass and was allowed to leave for home.

A rapid, pleasant trip, with only occasional interruptions from roving squads of soldiers brought him home again at Corinth, and Gen. Dodge was told what he wanted to learn, with the additional opinion that Vicksburg could not be taken.

The information which the spy had brought back figured largely in the falsification of this prediction at a later date.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DASH FOR LIFE.

THE reader, doubtless, is beginning to realize the nature of the man with whom this sketch deals. When he knows more about him he will find that not a word too much has been said of his courage and ability.

From this time on, as the fighting became more desperate, his danger increased, and in reality he carried his life in his hand, as many a narrow escape and thrilling adventure testifies.

It is almost impossible for him who sits by the quiet fireside of home to realize what it meant to act the spy in that rough country, infested with desperate guerrillas and swarming with impetuous men to whom the slightest suspicion that another even favored, much more aided, the enemy was sufficient warrant for immediate death.

The conviction forces itself more and more on any one who considers Col. Henson's record that he was a man of ten thousand whose career becomes more and more of a marvel as it is revealed, and whose existence to-day is little short of a miracle.

In his simple quiet way, when asked how he came through his experiences alive, he replied, "I don't know how, but I believe that God was with me and preserved me for what I had to do. I never felt a

fear of death. When I was ordered to be shot once, I told my wife that I did not believe that I would be shot, but if I should be I was ready to die for the cause, as my work would be finished."

This is the man who every time he went on a journey at the command of his superior did not know that he would ever return. He went with the certainty of arrest and with death staring him in the face, yet he never faltered. Of such material are heroes made, and if the late war had a genuine hero, Col. Henson was that one. He never failed to do what he attempted to do, and as will be seen later one feat was accomplished by him that for endurance and daring was not equaled in the war.

After his return from Vicksburg only a week of rest was allowed him and he was again in the saddle on a dangerous mission.

It was rumored that the Federals intended to make an extensive raid through the prairie country, and the soldiers and citizens of the South were active and vigilant and took every means to keep all information of their movements from the Union generals.

Gen. Dodge ordered Henson to visit Tupelo, Okalona, Columbus and Jackson, Miss., to discover the contemplated movements of the enemy and the strength of their forces.

He gave the spy a present, which proved of immense value to him afterwards. It was a magnificent black stud, which he named Black Hawk. He was a speedy

and powerful animal, and on his first trip saved his master from the enemy.

With this animal the spy was well equipped and had passes from Generals Gholson, Ruggles and Ferguson on the Confederate side and Gen. Dodge.

The last was a death warrant in the country into which he was going, and he secreted it by unscrewing the brass piece on the handle of his revolver, digging out enough wood to admit it and again screwing in the brass piece.

Henson found a valuable companion for the trip. This was B. F. Young, a trader and blockade runner, and a rampant rebel who wanted to accompany him.

The two men started from Corinth and met with no trouble on the first day. That night they slept at the house of a Capt. Metz, a courteous gentleman, who warned them that there was great danger in traveling as the excitement over the rumored raid of the Federals was intense. The next morning they reached Okolona to find that Gen. Ruggles' headquarters were at Columbus, and that Okolona was in command of a red-headed provost marshal who thought he owned the Southern Confederacy and that the whole thing would go to the bow-wows without him. He was one of those men who "clothed in a little brief authority do such deeds before high Heaven as make the angels weep."

His first act was to arrest Henson, despite his passes. His next act was to take his splendid horse. He did not condescend to tell the spy on what charge he was

arrested. He left him to guess at it, and as Black Hawk was in his stable, it was not hard arriving at the truth.

Henson had friends in Sam McCauley and William Adair, who went to the provost marshal and requested his release, but in vain. He would hear to nothing in his favor.

Young kept his ears open and overheard a conversation between the two friends of Henson and the marshal. It made his heart stand still for fear of his companion's safety.

The marshal declared that he knew Henson was a Yankee spy, and he intended to hold him as such. Young never dreamed of the truth of the charge, but he knew what that meant — death — or at least a long imprisonment before a trial could be had.

He went to Henson and told him that he feared he was done for, at least during the war, that the provost marshal accused him of being a spy.

Something must be done, and that promptly. The case was desperate and demanded desperate action.

Henson resolved to escape from his guard, but how, was the question. To attempt to run in sight of him was to be shot.

The only other alternative was bribery. He had money, and perhaps the guard was corruptible, and he determined to try him.

The attempt was successful. The offer of $100 in Confederate money, which was good then, proved

too much for the poor fellow and he consented to fall asleep during the night.

Henson had laid his plans. He told Young to be near the stable where his Black Hawk was, and to be in readiness to make a dash for it, and to have Black Hawk saddled and bridled.

The spy waited anxiously for darkness and when at at last it came, the guard kept his word. The money was shoved into his hand and he slept like a top. Henson crept stealthily from his prison and along the street avoiding every one. His friend Young was at the appointed place and Black Hawk was pawing with impatience to be off.

It took only a moment to spring into the saddle, clap spurs into the animal's side and be off at a jump.

But there were pickets to get through — they had not thought of that — and the loud "halt" of the soldier with the ominous click of the gun lock brought the horses on their haunches. Henson's wits were at work. He bethought him of the pass from Gen. Gholson; perhaps the picket would not be so unreasonable as the provost marshal. It was a happy thought, for a glance at the name of the general was sufficient and the men were allowed to pass on.

Pursuit was certain and the result depended on the horses. Black Hawk was to be depended on, and Young's horse was a fine one, so that the chances were good if they should not be stopped by some strangers.

The splendid animals seemed to realize the danger of

their riders, and dashed along with the speed of the wind. The main military roads were dangerous, and the fleeing spy and trader took the country roads. The pursuers were thrown off the trail, and they were safe from immediate danger.

That night they rested at a farmhouse, keeping vigilant watch for pursuers, but none appeared. The spy had saved his horse from the provost marshal, who was something of a military dude, and liked fine horses and clothes, and had relieved his companion of his goods.

It was folly to attempt to remain in the county of the red-headed provost marshal after this, and with such a horse, so the two determined to return to Corinth. They kept to the woods, and reached home in safety.

Gen. Dodge had a hearty laugh over the spy's description of the treatment the provost marshal had given him, and his turkey-gobbler airs of importance, and congratulated him on his escape.

The second week in May found Henson again on his way to the headquarters of Generals Gholson, Ruggles and Ferguson. Gen. Ruggles was then at Okolona. One exciting incident marked the trip. The spy had passed Col. Inges' scouts, who were on the lookout, without detection and had reached the house of his old friend, Metz, where he intended to stop all night. Some one had told the scouts that a suspicious looking stranger had passed along the road and they followed him to the Metz residence. It was midnight

when they reached the residence and surrounded it. The scouts were under command of Capt. Rogers, who rode up and asked if there was a man stopping at the house.

On receiving an affirmative reply he ordered his men to close up around the house and to shoot down any one who attempted to escape. The family were frightened nearly to death and Mrs. Metz rushed to Col. Henson's room and told him that the house was surrounded and his life was in danger. Henson told her not to be uneasy, as the Confederates would not hurt one of their own men and he was under the protection of the Confederate government.

Capt. Rogers ordered the spy to mount his horse and go to headquarters and answer to the charge of being a spy.

Mr. Metz, his wife and daughter, with tears in their eyes, begged the Captain not to shoot Henson as they could vouch for him, and they told him good-bye weeping and believing that they would never see him again.

Col. Henson was as cool as an iceberg, and readily went to Col. Inges' headquarters at Tupelo. He had his Confederate passes and a couple of bottles of good old rye and they both acted like a charm on Col. Inges and his adjutant general, A. J. Slye. They were the best of friends in a little while, and sent him to Gen. Ruggles' headquarters at Okolona with an escort.

Col. Henson had kept on the best of terms with

Gen. Ruggles by always bringing through the Yankee lines anything his wife or any member of his staff desired, and he was soon back in Corinth with the information Gen. Dodge wanted. When he told the General of his adventure with the scouts, he laughed, and said that he would be killed sure if he did not look sharp.

The fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, discouraged the Southern army. Soldiers and citizens were utterly cast down and dispirited.

Col. Henson made a hasty trip through the South to discover the prevailing sentiment and what were the movements of the troops. The rebels seemed too spiritless to care who passed through the country and the trip was made without a question being asked.

On horseback to Okolona, by rail to Meridian and Jackson through the disheartened army, back again to Okolona and home at Corinth completed the work.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE HANDS OF THE BANDITS.

THE spy was at home when Corinth was evacuated by the Union troops in January, 1864.

It was the opportunity of the guerrillas, who had been prowling around the woods, and they were not slow to take advantage of it.

Henson was taking a well-earned rest with his family. On the night of January 26, when he was chatting quietly with his wife, there came a thundering knock on the door and a peremptory demand for admittance.

When the door was opened by Mrs. Henson, four men, armed to the teeth, rushed into the house. The Hensons knew them all and knew them to be desperate characters who lived by desultory warfare and plunder.

Henson maintained his cool bearing, however, and asked who they wanted.

"We want to arrest you," said one of the men.

"What is your authority?" asked Henson.

The stocks of four guns came heavily on the floor. "This is our authority," said one of them.

"I refuse to be arrested by you on such authority," was the calm reply.

"Then we will kill you," said the boldest of the gang.

"Go ahead and kill me," said Col. Henson, "for I'll not go with you."

Four guns were raised to the shoulder, and the barrels were leveled ready for the command to fire, when Mrs. Henson sprang between the threatening muzzles and her husband, "If you kill him you will have to kill me first," said the brave woman "we will die together."

This intrepid action disconcerted the band, and they dropped their guns.

They then demanded Henson's money, and he replied just as coolly that they could not get it, and that he would die before he would give it to them. Two of the gang then drew their pistols, and holding them to the heads of the Hensons, two others searched the house for money and valuables. The two with pistols threatened to shoot Henson and wife if they moved. No money was found.

The leader of the band, one Capt. T. B., his name is not given in full, although the names of the others were Allen Walker, Jos. Hill, Isaac Smith and Wm. Barnet, who had been standing guard, called his men out and held a consultation with them.

At the conclusion of the consultation they went to the stable, and breaking down the door, took out the stock, consisting of four mules and Black Hawk, and left the house.

This was not the last of them, however, as they returned early the next morning and again attempted to arrest Henson. He refused again to go with them,

and indicated that they could shoot him whenever they felt like it. The guns were leveled again, when Henson surrendered. He had faced death before, and was not frightened then, but his wife, although brave to the last, appealed to the ruffians to spare him, and to him to surrender, as she saw that it would be folly to resist. A neighbor, Mr. W. Y. O'Neill, who was present, also advised him to offer no further resistance.

The Captain said he intended to take Henson to Col. Morphy, and mounting him on a mule, with two guards in front and two behind, instructed to shoot him down at the first sign of an attempt to escape. Capt. B. rode Black Hawk.

The party met Mr. Moore McCauley, who begged the guerrillas to release Henson, but to no purpose, as they were determined to bleed him, and kill him if necessary.

The men took their prisoner to the Tuscumbia River swamp and kept him under guard for three days at the house of Bird Smith, one of the most desperate characters in the country, and the father of the Smith in the band.

On the third day the captain asked Henson what he was willing to pay for his release. He offered him one of the stolen mules. The offer was refused, but after consultation he said if he would give them a mule and $1,000 in cash, they would return the horse and the other mules and let him go. The prisoner promptly agreed to these terms.

But, meanwhile, his wife and friends were not idle. Capt. Ed. Spencer, a brave soldier and good citizen, started with his company in pursuit of the bandits and, arriving just as the bargain was completed, demanded the unconditional surrender of the prisoner. His demand was complied with, and Henson returned home with his property, much to the surprise and joy of his wife and friends, who believed him murdered.

CHAPTER X.

BY FIELD AND FLOOD.

THE Union spy, after getting his affairs in good shape, was preparing for a venture into the Confederate lines again.

Things looked blue for the South. Gen. Sherman was advancing from Vicksburg and had reached the railroad center at Meridian. Gens. Smith and Grierson were advancing with heavy mounted forces from Memphis by way of New Albany, and Gen. Dodge was reported to be crossing the Tennessee River at Decatur, Bridgeport and Whitesburg. Gen. N. B. Forrest, one of the best fighters the South had, was confronting Gens. Smith and Grierson, while Col. Roddy was defending the passages of the Tennessee.

It was as much as a man's life was worth to travel at this time, but on February 8th Henson started for old Carmargo, where Gen. Gholson had his headquarters, and reported for duty to him.

Gen. Gholson gave his trusted scout a bed in his own tent, and while pretending to sleep the spy heard all the reports that were brought in by Gholson's scouts. During the night a dispatch came from Forrest ordering Gholson to concentrate his force at West Point, and on the next day the General ordered Henson to go into the Federal lines and find out if the

Union forces were crossing the river or not, and if so at what place.

The trip to Florence was made in a couple of days and varied by several arrests, which Gen. Gholson's pass soon settled. Every boat was destroyed around Florence, and the spy was compelled to push his way about one hundred miles up the river to Guntersville.

He went to his brother-in-law, Yancey Nobles, at Guntersville and told him he wanted to get into the Yankee lines. He was told that John Whitecotton, an old guerrilla chief and one of the worst men in the country, was in the neighborhood, and if he caught him attempting to cross the river, he would kill him.

Yancey Nobles and Chris Cobb were familiar with the mountain passes and they guided him over them about twenty or thirty miles to some thick bushes opposite Whitesburg, where the Federals were. Here he met Col. Joe Bradley, a wealthy refugee from Huntsville, Ala., and a thorough gentleman. He believed that Henson was a Southern scout and offered to assist him. He said he had a negro boy named Dick, who went over the river in a canoe sometimes, but that the river was so high and full of drift that it would be dangerous to attempt it. More than that, he said that if Henson reached the other side, he believed he would be killed as a spy. But he offered his boy and canoe to Henson if he wanted to make the attempt.

The boy was called up. "Dick," said the Captain, "can you take this man across the river in the canoe

before daylight?" It was pouring down rain and pitch dark.

"Dunno, Massa," said Dick, "but I 'spec I ken ef de canoe ain't upsized by de drift."

An offer of $100 to make the trip quieted Dick's fears and the pair started on their perilous voyage. It was nip and tuck between life and death several times when huge trees and logs were swept down on the frail craft, but they finally landed three miles below the Federal camp.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, Henson reached the pickets and came near getting into as much trouble among his friends as he had with his enemies. He was arrested at once and was carried to Col. Hall, commanding the outpost.

The spy was drenched from the heavy rain, and Col. Hall told him to dry his clothing, but regarded him with suspicion when he told him where he was from.

Col. Hall, in person, took him to Gen. Logan at Huntsville, Ala. The General examined him closely, and asked him about the rebel forces. Henson told him the truth with regard to Smith, Grierson, Gholson and Forrest, which Gen. Logan could not gainsay. Then he told him that Gen. Sherman had been to Meridian, but was falling back on Vicksburg.

"You are lying and I believe you are a rebel spy," said the General bluntly. "The Northern papers which I have just received state that Sherman has taken Selma and is advancing on Montgomery."

Gen. Logan at once ordered Henson into close con-

finement as a spy. It was thus that the spies not only ran fearful risks from the enemy, but from the exigencies of war, were frequently maltreated by their own friends.

The next morning brought a vindication of the spy's report. The Northern dispatches confirmed every word that he had said. Gen. Logan made all the amends in his power. He had him brought from the prison and apologized for treating him so harshly, but said the necessities of war made it imperative. When Henson said he wanted to go to Gen. Dodge, at Athens, Ala., Gen. Logan sent a heavy cavalry force with him to protect him from the guerrillas who infested that region.

Gen. Dodge had just arrived at Athens with his pontoons preparatory to crossing the Tennessee river. He remarked to Adjutant-Gen. Spencer, "I would give $1,000 if I had Philip Henson here."

In less than half an hour Philip Henson walked into his quarters, and a more surprised man than the General could not be found. It had been three months since they parted.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LONGEST TRIP ON RECORD.

The spy was yet to accomplish his greatest feat, and not only this, but the greatest feat that any spy ever yet had achieved. It placed him on a pinnacle of daring and skill that few men have ever reached.

He made the longest and most difficult trip that a scout or spy had ever successfully made. This deed alone would entitle him to a position of honor shared by no other.

He passed entirely through the rebel army of *this* region, being received by the officers as a trusted friend and agent, and being given their entire confidence in all things. They hailed him as one of the most valuable friends of the South and gave him the freedom of the country.

By this means he was enabled to return to Gen. Dodge after 31 days of constant travel with information, the value of which could not be estimated. Even hard, old fighting Forrest was deceived. It was not easily accomplished either, for, in order to make sure that he was of the right stripe, a detective shadowed him for days, but discovered not one single suspicious action.

The plans for this trip were carefully laid. When Henson started to do anything, he prepared to do it

thoroughly, and he made every provision against contingencies.

To show how entire was Gen. Dodge's confidence in his integrity, judgment and fidelity, one remark only need be quoted.

"Henson," said he, "go to my desk and take whatever papers that you think will be of service to you among the rebels."

The spy looked through the desk and selected some time tables which would be eagerly taken by the Southern leaders as valuable information for their raids.

Only ten days were allowed for rest, and on March 9, 1864, the trusty scout was on horseback galloping over the country on his dangerous mission. He never spared his horses and frequently he would use up two or three in one trip, leaving them on the road and buying or trading for fresh animals.

The day before he left he saw Gen. Dodge build his pontoon bridges across the Tennessee river. He was alone and with nothing but his own address and courage to carry his venture to a successful issue.

It was not possible to travel long in that country without molestation and the familiar "halt" and click sounded in his ears before many miles had been passed. It was at Hillsborough that he struck Col. Wm. Johnson's pickets of Tuscumbia, Ala. Arrest was an old story and did not trouble the scout much, as he knew the Colonel well, and after shaking hands, a couple of bottles of good old rye cemented the friendship of

the spy and the Confederate officer afresh. Col. Johnson was told by Henson that he was on his way to Tupelo to see Gen. N. B. Forrest and he was sent off with a godspeed.

At Bear Creek, which was a rushing torrent, the scout tried a novel way of crossing. The railroad bridge had been partially destroyed, each end being cut off, leaving the main structure standing in mid stream. Here was a chance to try invention and the scout was equal to the emergency.

He laid two sleepers from the bank to a hand-car standing on the structure. Then he led his horse across the sleepers to the hand-car and pushed him across to the other side, where the animal jumped to the shore. The intelligent brute was quiet and docile and made the crossing safely.

The Tuscumbia river was yet to be crossed, and there was no bridge nor part of a bridge upon which to make the trip. It was swim or stop, and into the stream plunged horse and rider, regardless of danger. About the middle of the stream the horse threw his rider and death by drowning came near being the end of the scout. He reached the shore, however, in safety, but his horse fared badly, for he was so crippled that he had to be left on the road.

After a short stop at his home in Rienzi, the spy pressed on and reached Tupelo, where Gen. Forrest was quartered. The cavalry now was preparing for a raid into Middle Tennessee, and had gathered up every soldier around Tupelo for this purpose.

Information which he considered extremely valuable, soon put Henson on a pleasant footing with the war horse.

"Where are you from?" he asked, when Capt. J. W. Burton introduced him.

"From Gen. Dodge's headquarters," was the reply.

"What were you doing there?" was the next question asked.

"I was sent there by Gen. Gholson, sir."

Here was a chance to entrap Henson, and Gen. Forrest sent for Gen. Gholson and asked if that statement was true. Gholson said it was. The General added that Henson was a true Southerner.

The latter was forming in his mind the plan of going through the entire army and learning everything there was to be learned about its position. It was an almost impossible feat, but he determined to make the attempt.

The first thing to do was to get the absolute confidence of the Southern Generals, and thus secure passes which could not be questioned. He set about to do this at once. He had a long conference with the two Generals, and gave them all the information that he could give. He had obtained a letter from Col. W. H. Smith, of the 1st Alabama regiment, and had consented to take some 40 or 50 letters from his men to their families and friends. These were turned over to Gen. Forrest, who read every one of them. Then Henson gave him Gen. Dodge's time tables, which he gladly received, and talked to him freely about the

number of divisions the Federals had, giving all the information he could safely give.

Then came his master stroke of diplomacy. He told him that Gen. Dodge had sent out a number of spies into Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army.

"Do you know them?" asked Gen. Forrest eagerly.

On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he requested Henson to describe them, which he did, knowing that all he described had turned back and given up the attempt to penetrate the lines. Gen. Forrest was completely won and the main point was gained. He gave the scout a pass good for sixty days, and to be used at pleasure. It was the one thing that Henson wanted, and success was assured should no accident occur.

He was instructed to report to Gen. Polk, at Demopolis, Ala., and one of the best scouts in the secret service was sent with him. A letter of introduction indorsing him fully was given him for Gen. Polk. The promise made Gen. Dodge was in a fair way to be redeemed.

On March 15 the two scouts, one for the rebels and the other for the Federals, reached Gen. Polk's headquarters, and Henson was introduced to the General. Nearly the entire night was spent by him, Major Denny and Captain Jack with Henson looking over his papers and letters, obtaining other information, and laying plans to capture Gen. Dodge's spies.

Gen. Polk was as clearly won as Gen. Forrest and the spy had the game in his hands. Nothing but an accident could prevent him from knowing every secret

f the Southern Generals. General Polk gave the spy 500 for expenses and sent him to West Point, Ga., vith Capt. Burton, to search for the Union spies. He old him to visit Atlanta and examine the hotel regis-ers, to search the prisons to see if they had been cap-ured, and to use all other means to capture them, and emarked when he left that if he proved faithful he vas the best and biggest man in the Southern Confed-racy.

It was not until he had returned to West Point, after his trip, that the spy learned that a watch had been set on him, and that Detective Ames had shadowed him. The detective himself told him of it, having been con-vinced that he was all right.

The scout made the best of his opportunities. He was in the heart of the rebellion and saw all of its in-ner workings. Into the prisons and among the troops at Rome, Kingston and Dalton, where General Johns-ton was and where he met a fellow-townsman, Gen. M. P. Lowery, who filled him with information in ex-change for news from home; back to West Point, by Atlanta, where his horse was and where the letters from the soldiers were distributed to anxious friends, and then once again with face toward the Federal lines armed with a pass from Gen. Polk to protect him from guerrillas and bushwhackers and with instructions to reach the Yankee lines as soon as possible.

The bushwhackers took off their hats to Gen. Polk's pass, and on April 9, after thirty-one days, the spy

was with Gen. Dodge, giving him information which was of incalculable value.

Gen. Dodge was quick to recognize the value of the services that his spy had rendered. He told him that he had succeeded far beyond his expectations, and had surpassed the record, making the grandest feat that had ever been accomplished by a spy. The General had promised him his reward. He had told him that if he was successful he would release him from all further duty and give him his liberty. This was to be the compensation for his arduous and dangerous undertaking.

The spy looked forward to rest from his labors in peace and safety. Little did he dream that the future had in store for him that which would have made him draw back in horror, could it have been revealed.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOILS.

FORTUNATE would it have been for Philip Henson, had Gen. Dodge made good his promise. A leaf full of horror and suffering would have never been recorded in his life. It is a leaf which cannot be contemplated without a shudder. But so it had been decreed, and it lay in the path of his duty.

The spy's dream of comfort and ease was rudely broken.

He had been resting only a few days when Gen. Dodge summoned him into his presence.

"Philip," said he, "I told you if you would make the trip you have just made, I would give you your liberty and relieve you from undergoing any more dangers, but I must ask you to make one more trip in the interest of the army and of the Union. I must have information about the movements of fighting General Forrest. I can get no reliable information as to where he is, and my scouts cannot penetrate his line. You have all the papers from the commanding Generals of the Southern army that a man needs, and I want you to make this last trip for me."

The scout agreed to do what Gen. Dodge desired, and once more took his life in his hands for the sake of the cause. He was ready in short order, and was

on the road. He passed through Corinth, where there were a few soldiers, and stopped several days at his home.

The trip to Tupelo and to West Point was easily made. Forrest and Ferguson were over towards the Mississippi river, and few soldiers were in that neighborhood.

Henson started for Decatur, and progressed smoothly until he was within a few miles of the Federal pickets, when he was surprised by Col. Wm. Johnson, and was placed under arrest. Once more he met Gen. Roddy, who had given him trouble before, and was destined to be his *bete noir*, the cause of all his misfortunes.

Col. Johnson conveyed him under arrest to Gen. Roddy's headquarters about four miles from Hillsborough, and charged him with being a Yankee spy, despite the fact that he had passes from Gens. Polk and Forrest.

Roddy was again in a bad humor. This time it was because neither Forrest, Gholson, nor Polk would allow Henson to report to him and he determined to make it hot for the spy. He was placed under heavy guard while a consultation was held as to what disposition should be made of him. A decision was reached to send him under guard to Gen. S. D. Lee at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Gen. Roddy wrote a letter to Lee. It was couched in no uncertain terms and stated positively that Henson was a Yankee spy and that he could prove it.

He added by way of a clincher that he was the worst man in the Confederacy and that he ought to be court-martialed and shot. He also added that if he (Gen. Lee) did not have him shot he (Gen. Roddy) would kill him if he ever passed through his lines.

This was an excellent recommendation to carry from one rebel general to another — excellent if one were tired of life.

Roddy did not care to trust to this to make sure of his end, but before the prisoner started he remarked to the captain of the guard that he wanted him to hurry back. There was a significance deeper than appears on the surface in these words. They meant something that every guard understood perfectly well.

It was equivalent to saying that there was no use in making the trip. It was easy enough to return without the prisoner and explain that he had attempted to escape and was shot. There was not a man who did not look upon Henson as a dead man, but the intercessions of Col. Johnson, Capt. J. C. Polk and Capt. John Duncan who knew Henson saved his life.

The toils were thickening around the faithful spy. Gen. Lee read the charges that Gen. Roddy had sent and prepared to act. Gen. Lee's staff officers were West Pointers and after examining Henson they agreed that he had better be put out of the way.

A young lawyer, who was considered an expert in such matters, was sent to him and examined him. The spy's coolness and nerve stood him in good stead. Not the least excitement nor expression of fear even

to the twitching of an muscle betrayed the anxiety of his heart. When he was told that he must die he did not change color nor reveal a particle of terror. The young lawyer was deceived thoroughly and reported to Gen. Lee that he believed that the man was innocent. He added that he was splendid material for a spy.

This was not sufficient to reverse the verdict, but a chance saved him. Gen. Lee had Henson brought into his room and asked him three questions. He and the young lawyer were the only ones who favored releasing him. He asked him if he was in a certain place on the Union line at a certain time. Henson said he was. He then asked him with regard to the contemplated movements of the Federal troops. He explained what he thought the troops would do and at the very moment, as if by an interposition of Providence, a telegram was received confirming the statement he made.

Gen. Lee was convinced and saying that he thought Henson was the man that Gen Polk had spoken of, ordered his instant release and told him to report to Polk at Demopolis. On such slight things does human life sometimes turn.

Before leaving, Gen. Lee told the scout to inform Gen. Polk of the feeling which Roddy entertained for him and get protection from him.

Gen. Polk placed his own official indorsement on the back of the pass which Roddy was bound to respect, but he accomplished his end in another way.

Gen. Polk also ordered Capt. Burton to convey Henson safely through Roddy's lines on his way back to the Federal forces.

While Henson was under arrest, one of those pleasant incidents happened which give spice to life. Gen. Polk had had a Yankee spy hung — one Sam Gebbins who had paid the forfeit of his life for his zeal — and it so happened that the gallows were still standing. The scout occupied the same place Gebbins had had and the soldiers took particular delight in telling him how Gebbins swung off and in promising that the rope would fit his neck nicely, but they failed to make him flinch.

Henson was free, but the beginning of the end was at hand. Gen. Roddy was following him with his persistent hate. The spy and Capt. Burton stopped at Tupelo to enable the latter to leave word with his wife that he was going on the trip.

When at Tupelo Gen. Forrest returned with his entire force and Gen. Roddy telegraphed him that Henson was a Yankee spy traveling under the name of Hines. The spy was not dreaming of evil when Col. Strain stepped up to him and asked if his name was Hines.

"No, my name is Henson," was the response.

"Consider yourself under arrest," said the Colonel.

The prisoner was taken to Gen. Forrest's headquarters and Adjutant-General Strait told him he was charged with being a spy by Roddy. Gen. Forrest

never went to see him, but ordered him sent under guard to Meridian.

Forrest had a summary way of disposing of men suspected of being spies, and Henson prepared to meet his fate, feeling certain it was near. He never faltered, however, and maintained his coolness and firm bearing. After three days of confinement at Meridian he was sent to Gen. Polk at Demopolis on the 24th of May.

Until the 6th of June the suspected spy was held at Demopolis and then Maj. Denny, the provost marshal, said he had an order from Gen. Forrest to send him to Mobile.

His star of fortune was on the decline and passed behind the cloud of a rebel prison. Only those who have been within the walls of one know what of suffering is involved in the word.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN A SOUTHERN WAR PRISON.

THE Union spy had only death to look forward to. He had been in critical positions. His life had frequently been in extremest danger. But never was the chance of life so small as it was then.

He was under arrest. He was charged with being a spy by a General who had shown that he was determined to have him killed. He was in the hands of a man who was impetuous and determined, and who never hesitated to do what he thought was good for his cause. He was on his way to the far South in the heart of a hostile country under a charge that aroused the most relentless hate and justified any action, no matter how cruel and hasty. There was absolutely no hope for him as far as human judgment could determine.

Yet under all of this dark shadow he did not lose courage, but faced the situation as a brave man should. The slightest sign of weakness, of fear or of flinching would have been his immediate death warrant. It would have been taken as a confession of guilt.

Henson was placed in charge of Maj. David L. Cummins, and started on a journey which is branded into his memory. Maj. Cummins was in the secret service under Gen. Polk.

His first act showed how Henson was to be regarded by the men into whose hands he had fallen. He was no common prisoner. If the proof of the fact that he was a spy, should be forthcoming, he was an extraordinary prisoner, and a spy who had deceived the Confederate generals as no other spy ever did, and who had achieved, as they knew, feats that commanded their wonder and admiration, if it also aroused their bitterest detestation and desire for revenge.

He was taken to a blacksmith shop and there powerful shackles were riveted to his ankles, as if they had been wood or iron. They were fastened together by three heavy wrought iron links which permitted a play of only six inches to his limbs. Maj. Cummins states over his own signature that these hobbles were extra heavy and of wrought iron forged for the occasion. Heavy wrought iron handcuffs, permitting a play of only two inches to his hands, were placed on his wrists. His guards were determined that he should not escape them through any fault of their own.

Thus manacled as a wild beast, the scout and his guard started for Mobile. The evidence of what Henson suffered on the trip, of how he was regarded as a daring, desperate and dangerous spy comes, not from his own lips only, but from the lips of his captors. As the train moved along, stopping at the stations, the report was general and spread in every direction, that on board of it was a famous Union spy. The news traveled faster than the train, and crowds looked at him with curiosity and hatred.

THE SPY IN CHAINS.

The report had reached Meridian, where were many Confederate soldiers, and it roused them to the highest pitch of indignation and resentment. When the train reached the depot, the soldiers were there to meet it. They demanded of Maj. Cummins that he give the spy to them to treat as they thought he deserved to be treated. Maj. Cummins refused to do so, and the mob, furious with passion, rushed on him, overpowering him, and dragged away the chained and helpless Henson.

Now certainly his doom was sealed. Not a friendly face was in the scowling throng. Nothing could be detected but thirst for his blood and the unchecked spirit of revenge. That he could be saved was incredible. No other man suspected of being a spy had ever escaped such a mob.

But Henson escaped death. Maj. Cummins saw that he could do nothing, but instead of allowing the prisoner to meet whatever fate might befall him, he set about to rescue him. He found the Colonel in command and demanded his prisoner, showing the order from Gen. Forrest that he be conveyed to Mobile. The Colonel with hesitation and reluctance interposed, and by command forced the mob to give up the prisoner.

They could not kill him and wreak their vengeance in that way, but they could abuse him to their hearts' content. They cursed, denounced and tormented him, pouring the vilest denunciations on his head. Soldiers and citizens passing him as he stood defenseless and

bound, squirted tobacco juice in his face and over his person, or took the quids from their mouths and dashed them into his face. Contempt could find no stronger expression of its depth, nor hate of its intensity. A guard of soldiers protected him from violence until the train for which they had stopped to await had arrived, and they continued their journey to Mobile. All along the road the treatment of the suspected spy was the same. Southern citizens and soldiers vied with each in showing to what lengths their abuse could go. From their point of view, nothing was bad enough for a man, and a Southern man, who lifted a finger for the Union, and particularly who would spy for it. Some said hang him, others, burn him and others, shoot him. All agreed that there was but one fate adequate for him and that was death.

On the trip, in addition to the hobbles and handcuffs, other precautions were taken to prevent escape. He was not put in a passenger coach, but in a freight car. He was placed in a car filled with poultry coops, on top of a pile of them. He had only one companion in the car, and that was a fierce English bull dog. During the night trip the dog lay on the floor watching the prisoner with greedy eyes. Not a motion escaped as far as he could see in the dark, and Henson knew that to fall from the coops meant an immediate and a horrible death by the teeth of the dog. He was so chained that he could do nothing to defend himself, and the jolting of the car threatened every moment to throw him to the floor. That night was equal to a year.

THE "SWEAT BOX."

On the morning of the 7th of June, Henson and his guards arrived in Mobile, after this eventful journey. He was taken at once, with the same abuse from soldiers and citizens to the provost marshal, Wm. H. Ketchum, who placed him under the strictest watch in his guard house, where he remained until July 4th.

What he had passed through was as nothing compared with what he was to pass through. The hobbles and chain were not considered sufficient protection against escape, nor sufficiently galling, and Major Harris in charge of the prisoners ordered a ball and chain placed upon him. In accordance with this order a ball weighing 64 pounds, and a chain of proportionate weight and eight feet in length was forged to the ball and to his ankles.

On July 4th, the anniversary of the day of independence and freedom, one of the features of the celebration in Mobile was the parading of Henson through the streets loaded with manacles and chains as the great Yankee spy to give the populace a chance to taunt and abuse him. On this day, too, he was placed in close confinement. The guard house was not safe enough, and he was transferred to the jail, and inside of that to the "Hitchcock Press," known also as the "sweat box." This was a small apartment within the jail 10 feet square, 8 feet high, and entered by a 4 foot door. It was made of rough heavy timbers, and had no means of ventilation. As if the chains he already had upon him were not enough, he was chained with the

"sweat box" chain so that he could not move, and was left there alone.

The imprisoned scout was subjected to the most brutal and barbarous treatment, as a Confederate officer testifies, and a private soldier who had him in custody, one Louis Galle, states that "never in all my experience during my four years' service in the rebellion did I see, know or hear tell of as many indignities, curses epithets and taunts being borne by a human being from the hands of all, both citizens and soldiery, and if they at any time could have discovered any tangible evidence tending to establish the charge, they would undoubtedly have mobbed him."

Henson demanded and prayed for a trial, employed lawyers at great expense to defend his case and to endeavor to get a hearing for him but in vain. The evidence desired to convict him could not he found, and under one excuse or another, while his life was wearing away in his confinement and suffering, the trial was postponed. They corresponded with Gen. Bedford Forrest, who had brought the charges against him, and promised that he should be convicted, but not a scrap of evidence was discovered. Henson had never taken a note or written a line to testify against himself, and had not even told his wife that he was acting for the Federal army.

He was looked upon as a monster, however, and people came from far and near to gaze into his little den, on the Yankee spy. Human frame and flesh could not long sustain such treatment, and he grew

weaker and weaker. If he did not meet his death by bullet or rope the imprisoment would bring it slowly, but no less surely. His diet consisted of three small salt fish and a small piece of corn bread without salt for breakfast, and a half pint of rice and corn bread for supper.

It was finally decided to transfer him to Meredian, and the order came from Gen. S. D. Lee to that effect There were two reasons for this. One was that Gen. Granger had taken Fort Morgan, and the Confederates thought the city would fall, and the other was that the Doctor ordered his removal.

This order came about in a peculiar way, and yet not so peculiar either, when one considers what money will do. D. C. Anderson, a lawyer at Mobile, was employed to aid the prisoner, who received money from time to time from his wife at Rienzi. Henson offered him $1,000 to obtain his release, and he promised to make the attempt to do so. Maj. Harris overheard the offer, and told him that he was throwing his money away, as Anderson had no influence with the military, and that he, for $500 would agree to put him where he could reach the Federal gunboats. Henson closed the bargain at once, and having sent to his wife for $1,000, countermanded the dispatch, and asked her to send him $500 in gold. He thought the matter over, and it occurred to him that it would be the easiest matter to take his money, and pretend to take him to the gunboats, but to drop him overboard or shoot him on the way. He changed his mind, and told Maj. Harris that

he had decided not to take the trip, but preferred to remain where he was to running the risk of escape. Meanwhile he handed over the $500 to the physician in order to secure his removal. The physician kept his word.

When the fall of the city was expected there were about 1,000 desperate characters, deserters and criminals, in the jails of Mobile, and they were all released to go into the rifle pits except Philip Henson, who was retained in his "sweat box."

The scout was taken to Meridian on the 9th of October. He fully expected a court-martial and as a result a sentence of death. On the way up he determined to end his misery and jump from the car window at the first opportunity. In stretching his arms he snapped the chain that bound his wrists together and in an instant the bayonets of the guards were against his breast. His explanation that the breaking of the chain was an accident was not taken and the vigilance of the guards was redoubled.

Even the relief of the court-martial was not given him, however, but he remained in the stockade with the shackles on until February 17, 1865.

Then his case reached a climax. Gen. Taylor said that Henson had to have a trial or be released. Gen. Forrest admitted that he could not find the proof to convict him and after a consultation it was decided to draft him into the army. His shackles were taken off at last, and with free limbs once more he was taken to the conscript camp at Enterprise. He was given his

choice of regiments and he selected the old bloody 26th Mississippi. The regiment were in Virginia and the trip gave some chance of escape.

In charge of Col. Rogers he started for Castle Thunder, at Richmond, going via Demopolis and Selma. At Selma the kind-hearted Colonel winked at his escape, and after nine months of terrible suffering he was once more at liberty.

There was yet a dangerous trip of 300 miles to make before the safety of the Union lines could be reached, and that, too, through a country infested with enemies. The scout walked the 20 miles from Selma to Hamburg and went to the house of his former friend and employer, Thomas Turnbow, where he was gladly allowed to rest a few days.

Turnbow had a nephew at home on the retired list with his papers. The spy offered him $1,000 in Confederate money for the papers he needed and obtained them. Then he turned his face for home. There could be no doubt of the result if caught again, and all his vigilance was exercised to provide against it. He traveled almost entirely at night and through the least frequented roads and woods.

His weakened constitution could not bear the labor and exposure incident to the trip, and when he reached his sister's house, in Blunt county, North Alabama, he was confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Tarrying was dangerous and he was carried to Red Hill to Yancey Noble's and his nephew and a squad of

soldiers conveyed him through the mountains to the river where the Federal gunboats were expected. For two days he lay on the river bank before a boat arrived, and then he was picked up and taken to Bridgeport and was turned over to Commodore Forrest, a cousin of his late friend Gen. Bedford Forrest. This Forrest although a Union man, had the greatest admiration for Gen. Bedford Forrest, and when Henson described to him how he had deceived him and escaped from his clutches, the Union Forrest promptly called him a liar and a rebel spy. Once more he was under arrest and was sent to Chattanooga, where he demanded to be sent to Gen. Dodge. He was passed on to Gen. Thomas, at Nashville, and was given a pass and transportation to Gen. Dodge's headquarters at St. Louis.

Gen. Dodge had given his spy up long since and believed him dead, and it was as if the dead had arisen when Philip Henson walked into his headquarters at the Lindell Hotel. "Well, Phil," said he after congratulating him on his wonderful escape, "the rope has not been made yet to hang you."

It was not enough that the spy should suffer alone, but his wife also was called upon to share his sufferings. Gen. Forrest did nothing half way. She was arrested under his order at Rienzi, in January, 1865, and was torn from her home with an infant son and in delicate health, to be sent to Verona. She asked to be sent to her brother's house at Cotton Gin under promise not to return home and to consider herself under arrest, but the General refused the request.

She was not aware of her husband's occupation and, therefore, spoke the truth as far as she knew when she declared he was not a Union spy.

The citizens and her neighbors signed a petition to the General and finally the soldiers petitioned him, stating that she had always treated them generously, and he relented and allowed her to go to her brother. When she asked Gen. Forrest what would be done with her husband, he coolly replied that he would be hung. Mrs. Henson was under arrest for four months.

Col. Henson remained at St. Louis several days and then started South to obtain, if possible, the release of his wife. Gen. Dodge gave him a letter to Gen. Thomas, at Nashville, and that gallant soldier gave him a letter to Gen. Hatch, another brave and generous commander, who was at Eastport with a large force of cavalry. As soon as he read Gen. Thomas' letter and learned the circumstances, he sent Col. Coon with a cavalry regiment to Rienzi to learn where Mrs. Henson was. She was not there and he returned.

Soon after she arrived at her home and sent a courier to notify her husband. Gen. Hatch ordered Col. Coon to take his regiment and escort Mrs. Henson to Eastport.

Of the meeting between the husband, who was thought to be dead, and his wife it is needless to write a word. Their joy can be imagined. They remained in the Federal lines until the war was over and then returned to their old home at Rienzi, to take up their

lives there where they had been interrupted and to try to make a living.

In March, 1867, Col. Henson removed to Corinth and published the Corinth *Republican*, the most influential Union paper in the State. In September of the same year he sold his interest in the paper and moved to a little farm about three miles from the city, where he now lives. The house was occupied during the siege of Corinth by Gen. Halleck as headquarters. Col. Henson sent the insulating cups which were on the portico, to the battle ground of Shiloh during the celebration of that event, where they were exhibited as relics. The old scout and his wife are in moderate circumstances, but enjoy health and strength and have two sons now grown, Philip Edgar and Capt. Wm. Odel Henson.

It is somewhat remarkable that after his eventful career and his services to the Union cause in the capacity of a spy, Col. Henson should have since lived peaceably and happily in the South, and should now enjoy the respect and friendship of his neighbors, but there is no more popular man in his country.

This fact speaks volumes for his own character, and proves, as nothing else could, that the war is over.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME CONVINCING PROOFS.

IT IS possible that there may be doubt as to facts stated in this sketch, and an inclination to believe that the deeds and services of Philip Henson may be exaggerated.

It is worth while and at the same time is interesting to note the opinion of him and his services held by Federal officers, whom he served during his career as a scout and spy. There is none with whom he held closer relations and whose confidence he enjoyed more thoroughly than Gen. G. M. Dodge, and his letter to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, written March 31, 1865, is important on this subject. It is given below:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, MO., March 31, 1865.

Maj.-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, Comd'g Dept. of the Cumberland:

GENERAL: This will be handed you by Philip Henson, who will state his business, and I solicit for him such aid as you can consistently give him.

I can vouch for Mr. Henson; he was probably one of the best — if not the very best — men we ever had in our employ, and the information given us by him, in all our campaigns, was of incalculable benefit to us; he never failed us, and in all our campaigns in the Southwest, up to the Atlantic campaign, he performed service that no other man would; he has suffered almost death for us, and deserves our assistance. I have no hesitation in endorsing him

fully; implicit confidence can be placed in him. The men, Cassett and Pennell, at Corinth, who endeavored falsely and traitorously to swear away his life, should be brought to punishment for it.

I am, General,
Very respectfully,
Your obt. servt.,
G. M. DODGE,
Major-General.

This high opinion of Henson is still retained, as the following letter, written in August of the present year, testifies:

NO. 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,
AUGUST 31, 1887.

Philip Henson, Esq., Corinth, Miss.:

DEAR SIR — It will be impossible for me to be present at the G. A. R. Encampment in St. Louis. Your efficient services as a scout (probably the best who ever went through our lines), are a matter of official record in Washington, and have time and again received my commendation and elicited my efforts in your behalf. Not only that, but I received letters from Gen. Grant, at the time you were sending me information from the South, stating that my reports as to the movements of the rebel troops were so accurate, and found afterwards to be so correct, that he was anxious to know who acted for me, and I named to him you among others, who were inside of the enemy's lines so long for me. You are at liberty to show this to any of my friends of the Grand Army; but I do not think you will need it to give you a standing among them.

Yours truly,
G. M. DODGE.

Gen. Samuel Gilbert is equally unqualified in his statements regarding Henson, and the following letter

to Gen. Tuttle, shows how thoroughly he appreciated his services:

DECATUR, ALA., August 26, 1887.

Gen. Tuttle, St. Louis, Mo.:

I have great pleasure in stating that I am personally acquainted with Philip Henson. I was on the staff of Gen. Rosecrans, when Mr. Henson was employed by him as chief of scouts, which position Mr. Henson filled with great honor to himself and of incalculable benefit to our army. I know of his performing some of the most daring and dangerous deeds to obtain information, which was of vital importance to our commanding generals — deeds which no other man could have done successfully. I most cheerfully recommend him to all lovers of the Union as a trustworthy, noble old soldier.

SAMUEL GILBERT,
Late Brig.-Gen. U. S. A. and Vol.

Gen. Edward Hatch is another soldier who is familiar with Philip Henson's record, and he speaks of him and his services as of the highest value:

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, April 14, 1881.

W. M. Inge, Corinth, Miss.:

DEAR SIR: — The facts as stated in Philip Henson's are in a measure known to me personally. I believe all to be true.

I knew Mr. Henson as a brave, fearless and exceedingly valuable scout. During the time he was under my command he rendered service of great importance and furnished valuable and reliable information to the Government troops. To Mr. Henson, the gratitude of the country is due for his services during the war of the Rebellion. It will be most gratifying to me should I learn he has received pecuniary recognition of his services from the country.

He richly deserves this attention. His life has been repeatedly in danger from the element adverse to the cause he advocated; while he has suffered seriously in loss of property.

Very respectfully,
Your obt. servant,
EDWARD HATCH,
Brevet Maj.-General.

One other short letter ends the list of those which are given. It is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE ETOWAH, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
MARCH 25, 1865.

Capt. Berg., Asst. Pro. Mar. Gen., D. C.:

SIR — The bearer of this, Phillip Henson, escaped from the rebels at Meridian, Miss., and came through to our lines. Was formerly a guide for Gen. Rosecrans, afterwards a guide for Gen. Dodge, and is now very desirous of rejoining Gen. Dodge in whose employ he was when captured.

Very Respectfully
Your Obedient Servant,
A. H. ROLPH,
Capt. 14th U. S. C., Asst. Pro. Mar., D. E.

Favorable testimony from the other side in a case is always of greater value than any other, because it is prejudiced, if prejudiced at all, in the opposite direction. Merely as a matter of interest, and not as proof, for proof is not needed, as showing the treatment to which spies were subjected, and particularly the treatment which Philip Henson received during his captivity, the following affidavits are given verbatim. They are from confederates. The first is from Maj.

David L. Cummins, who conveyed Henson while a prisoner to Mobile and tells the story of his journey and subsequent treatment:

STATE OF ALABAMA,
COUNTY OF MOBILE.

This is to certify that I, David L. Cummins, on or about the 5th of June, A. D. 1864, whilst engaged in the secret service department of the Confederate States of America under Major Dennie, provost marshal general for this district, I became acquainted with a gentleman who was turned over and placed in my custody whom I afterwards learned was Philip Henson, charged with being a Federal spy. He was placed in my custody under orders from Major Dennie, to be transported to the city of Mobile, heavily ironed and closely guarded, which instructions I carried out by carrying him to the shop of a smith and having forged for the occasion a pair of extra heavy wrought iron hobbles, connected together by three large wrought iron links, which permitted a play of about six inches to his limbs, and in addition, I placed upon his hands or wrists a large pair of heavy handcuffs, which confined the arms to a play of about two inches. On the evening of the morning that I had the irons placed upon the prisoner, to wit, 5th of June, 1864, I started with Mr. Henson to Mobile, and whilst *en route* for the city we were compelled to change cars at Meridian. It was known at the latter place that one of the most daring and dangerous of Federal spys was on board, and immediately upon the arrival of the train a mob of soldiery, C. S. A., made a rush for the train and demanded the person of the prisoner, which request I firmly refused, they being highly excited and enraged, forcibly and with arms overcame my resistance and took charge of said prisoner, Philip Henson, and would, without doubt, have mobbed and assassinated him but for the appearance of the colonel commanding, to whom I appealed for protection of prisoner, at same time exhibiting to him the written orders of Major Dennie, who, after some hesitation, commanded the troops to release or rather restore said prisoner to me. I then carried Mr. Henson to the depot of M. & O. R. R. and took train for Mobile. The above facts in regard to our trip are merely the main occur-

rences. I could not and would not attempt to enumerate the insults, the indignities and harsh treatment he received at every depot. The soldiery of the C. S. A., wherever met, after learning the charge against prisoner, as they passed him would spit their amber and tobacco spittle over person and face of prisoner, and would curse, taunt and ridicule him.

On 6th of June I arrived with Mr. Henson in Mobile and delivered him into custody of Provost Marshal Major Wm. H. Ketchum. The prisoner was then carried to guard-house, remaining there about thirty days. The prisoner, at all times and every day, demanded and pleaded for a trial which, so far as I know, was never granted, but always refused to prisoner for the purpose of corresponding with General Bedford Forrest, who had preferred the charge.

Mr. Henson was then removed to what was at that time called the "Hitchcock press." I frequently visited him there, as he was regarded as such a desperate, dangerous character that I frequently witnessed his confinement and treatment, which barbarous and brutal, but at time regarded by all of us as both humane and necessary.

DAVID L. CUMMINS.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
COUNTY OF MOBILE,

This day came and personally appeared before me, the undersigned Circuit Court Clerk in and for the State and county aforesaid, Mr. David L. Cummins, who, after being first duly sworn, deposes and says on oath that all the facts contained in the foregoing instrument are true and correct.

Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this, the 20th May, 1881.

R. E JONES,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Serg. Louis Galle, in whose custody Henson was placed, tells in the following affidavit how he was treated during his imprisonment at Mobile:

STATE OF ALABAMA,
COUNTY OF MOBILE.

This is to certify that on 6th June, 1864, I, Louis Galle, was engaged in the service of the Confederate States of America, as

Orderly Sergeant of Co. K. (Cavalry), 15th Alabama Regiment, and on that day, as near as I can remember, one Mr. Philip Henson was placed in my custody by Major Harris, Commander of camp correction, under charge of being a spy, and I was instructed to place upon a ball and chain. I carried him around to a blacksmith shop and had placed upon him an iron ball weighing about sixty-four (64) pounds, and chain of proportionate weight about (8) eight feet in length, and then carried him under orders to prison where he remained for some time, and I then removed him under orders from the prison house to the "Hitchcock Press," commonly known as the "sweat box," which was about 10 ft. square, 8 ft. high, of heavy, rough timbers and it was entered by a 4 ft. door. This sweat box was on inside of the jail and was only used in extreme emergencies, for it was close and small with no ventilation, and upon placing Mr. Henson in said sweat box we chained him with the sweat box chain which prevented him from moving and he was forced to remain there alone, and only liberated from there at one time, so far as I remember, and that was on 4th of July, 1864, when the great Yankee spy was in heavy irons and chains paraded in front of the assembled populace of Mobile, Ala., that was the manner in which we saw proper to celebrate that day.

The prisoner, Mr. Henson, was certainly treated with extreme cruelty and harshness on all occasions and never in all my experience during my four years' service in the Rebellion did see, know or hear tell of as many indignities, curses, epithets and taunts being borne by a human being from hands of all, both citizens and soldiery, and if they could have at any time discovered any tangible evidence tending to establish the charge they would undoubtedly have mobbed him.

LOUIS GALLE.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
COUNTY OF MOBILE.

This day came and personally appeared before me, the undersigned circuit clerk of the aforesaid State and County, Mr. Louis Galle, who after being first duly sworn, deposes and says on oath that all the facts contained in the foregoing instrument, of his own knowledge, is true and correct.

SEAL

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th May, 1881.

R. E. JONES,
Clerk Circuit Court.

With reference to his imprisonment and the efforts made to obtain his release, Mr. D. C. Anderson, a lawyer of Mobile, furnishes interesting information in the affidavit given below:

STATE OF ALABAMA,
MOBILE COUNTY.

At the request of Mr. Philip Henson, I make the following statement of facts touching my recollections of his arrest and imprisonment in the city of Mobile, in the latter part of the late war. I first saw him in the month of June, 1864, while under military arrest, by order of some officer of the Confederate army. He was, then, I believe, at the office of the Provost Marshal of this city. I was employed to defend him, in conjunction with John Hall, Esq, at that time a practising lawyer. At some time after that, and probably within a week or ten days, Bobert H. Smith, Esq., one of the leading lawyers at this bar, was employed to assist in the defense.

The charge against Mr. Henson, according to my recollection, was, that he was a spy in the service of the Federal army. From my examination of his case, I believed that the charge was not well founded, and on his part, and on that of his counsel an investigation was urged by us. The prejudice against him, with the military men, was very great; and the conviction was strongly expressed by them, that he was guilty, and the trial was from time to time postponed, to enable them to bring witnesses here from North Alabama and perhaps Mississippi, who could prove his guilt.

I visited him by permission of General Maury, Commander of the Post, on several occasions, and always found him closely confined and guarded at a large cotton warehouse and press, known as Hitchcock's Press. When I saw him, he was in irons, as other prisoners were, charged with a similar offense.

He was not tried here, as I remember, for the want of testimony on the part of the Confederate States. I do not remember how long he was kept in the city, nor to what point he was removed; nor do I know by what means he was discharged. That Mr. Henson paid me fees for my service as his attorney, I have no doubt;

but I have no memoranda by which I can be certain of the amount. I remember taking an active interest in his defense during the period of his imprisonment in this city, and the impression yet remains that his confinement was severe and rigorous.

The foregoing statement is made from memory, only, — with no written memorandum of the facts, except a letter written by me to Mrs. Henson on 2nd of July, 1864, in reference to her husband. But from my best recollection, I believe the statements of facts are correct.

D. C. ANDERSON.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
MOBILE COUNTY.

I, Richard E. Jones, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Mobile County, do hereby certify that the foregoing was subscribed and sworn to before me by D. C. Anderson on this 19th day of May, 1881. Witness my hand and the seal of said Circuit Court at Mobile on this the 19th day of May, A. D. 1881.

SEAL

R. E. JONES,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Now a few words with regard to Mrs. Henson's arrest are not out of place, and her own sworn statement will be found immediately following:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
NORTHERN DISTRICT OF MISSISSIPPI.

This day personally appeared before me, J. M. Martin, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Alcorn County, State of Mississippi, Celestine Henson, who being by me first duly sworn, says under oath: That in the month of January, A. D. 1865, Captain Pointer and Lieutenant Davis of the Confederate States Army came to her house in the County of Alcorn and State of Mississispi with a company of soldiers, and arrested her by the order of Lt. Gen. N. B. Forrest, of the Confederate States Army, and carried her under guard to the headquarters of Gen. Forrest at Verona, Mississippi. At the time of my arrest I was in very delicate health and I suffered very much from the rigors and cold of winter. I was detained and kept under

arrest for two months. No charges were ever preferred against me, nor was I ever granted any trial, although I frequently de manded one, and demanded the cause of my arrest.

While I was under arrest the guard for a day and night had charge of my trunk and when it was returned to me it was broken open and rifled of its contents which was very valuable. When my husband, Phillip Henson, was under arrest and in confinement in Mobile, Alabama, charged with being a Union spy, I paid Gen. Rubin Davis of Aberdeen, Mississippi, eight hundred dollars in greenback money to assist in his defense, and I paid another attorney at law in Mobile, Alabama, by the name of D. C. Anderson, between four and five hundred dollars in gold for the same purpose, the exact amount I cannot state, but I am positive it was as much as four hundred dollars. When I visited my husband, during his confinement in Mobile, the authorities of that city arrested me as a Union spy and detained me under arrest for three days. During my husband's confinement I expended necessarily large sums of money in addition to the above. In his defense I am confident I expended as much as fifteen hundred dollars, in addition to the amount I paid Davis and Anderson in my husband's defense.

CELESTINE HENSON.

Sworn to and subscribed
before me this, the 28th
day of May, A. D. 1881.
J. M. MARTIN, *Clerk.*
SEAL By J. F. THOMPSON, D. C.

The statement of a neighbor of Mrs. Henson corroborates in every particular her own statement and is important as describing her experience:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
NORTHERN DISTRICT OF MISSISSIPPI.

This day personally appeared before me, J. M. Martin, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Alcorn county, State of Mississippi, Mrs. Nannie Neely, to me personally known, who, being duly sworn, says under oath that in January, A. D. 1865, Captain Pointer and Lt.

Davis of the Confederate States army came to the house of Philip Henson, in the county and State aforesaid, with a company of Confederate soldiers and arrested Celestine Henson, wife of Philip Henson, by order of Lt.-General N. B. Forest of the Confederate army, and carried her under guard to the head-quarters of said general at Verona, Mississippi. That it was cold, freezing weather at the time she was arrested and carried off, and she was in extremely delicate health. Philip Henson was at this time under arrest in Meridian, Mississippi, charged with being a Union spy. That she knows that Mrs. Celestine Henson expended between nine hundred and a thousand dollars in gold in defense of her husband, Philip Henson, while he was under arrest charged with being a Union spy, and in addition to that she expended between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars in Confederate money in his defense. That at the time of Mrs. Celestine Henson's arrest they detained her from her home between three and four months.

Sworn to and subscribed Nannie S. Neely, before me this December the 6th, A. D. 1881.

SEAL

J. M. MARTIN,
Circuit Clerk.

Nothing further is required to substantiate the assertion that Philip Henson stands alone in his career as a spy. There is no other living spy that can point to a record of danger, hardship and success comparable with his achievements, and yet, although he is old and is in extremely moderate circumstances, and although those who recognize his services, have moved to have him recompensed by the government, he has never received a dollar for his losses or aid to the Union cause.

It is something, however, to have these services placed for the first time before his comrades and the American people that his merits may be recognized.

[THE END.]

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